HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY IN DANGER.

"Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum!" The Genie of Massachusetts smells Blue Blood.

THE LABORER'S EVENING REST.

Laugh, my little one, laugh away,
For gone is the weary, toilsome day;
The twilight shadows are falling fast,
And father's hour of work is past.
Hark to the distant vesper bell!
Sweetly its clear tones rise and swell
On the ev'ning breeze as it speaks of peace,
And bids the murmur of turmoil cease.

Laugh, my little one, laugh away:
Father has earned this hour of play.
The day was weary, perhaps, and sad;
This ev'ning hour will make him glad.
Then laugh, my baby, I'll share your glee
For the joy this hour hath brought to me.
O twilight hour, so doubly blest!
Welcome ever thy tender rest!

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 11, 1874.

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WHAT HAS HE DONE?

The question is asked by many Republicans: "What is the reason of this bitter hostility to General Butler? What has he done? How has he forfeited the confidence of the party? What is the ground of the threat of bolting if it should appear that he has control of the party organization in his State? What has he done that other politicians do not? He had a right to offer himself as a candidate for the Governorship of Massachusetts. He organized his friends, and they worked hard to secure him the nomination, as the friends of Mr. Washburn worked for him. Mr. Simmons, his lieutenant in the eastern part of the State, and Mr. Tinker in the western, tried to carry the primaries as somebody always tries to carry every primary for some candidate. Is there any complaint of that? He uses his patronage to reward his henchmen, but that is the accepted system with all politicians and parties. He persuaded the President to nominate Mr. Simmons for the Collectorship of Boston, but Mr. Simmons was an honest man, a good internal revenue officer, and a sound Republican. What was there unusual in that? It is true that some other Republicans did not like the appointment, but still others did like it. And it was not denied that the candidate would be an efficient officer. What has General Butler done that he should be so strenuously opposed?"

These are questions that perplex some faithful Republicans. But let them reflect. In 1868 they warmly opposed Horatio Seymour for the Presidency. They spoke and worked and gave money, and voted to defeat him. Why? What had he done? He was conceded to be personally honest, and a man of experience in public affairs. Why did the Republicans of whom we speak so ardently oppose him and rejoice in his defeat? Because Mr. Seymour was the representative and candidate of a national policy which those Republicans thought to be most pernicious if not fatal to the country. At the present time the national policy is settled, that is to say, parties are not divided as they were then upon what are called political issues. The paramount question is one of administration—of administrative honesty, purity, and principle. The peril that threatens us is political corruption, and it is a danger as plain and as vital as slavery or the war. It is revealed and its methods and scope are shown by the facts in regard to the civil service; by the investigations constantly made, and their disclosures; by such exposures as that of the Crédit Mobilier, the salary grab, the Sanborn contracts, the moiety system. In all these mercenary rings, conspiracies, and public scandals and wrongs General Butler is a conspicuous, active, and audacious agent and counselor. More than any other man in the country he is the representative of the spirit of corruption in politics, as Mr. Seymour in 1868 was the representative of the old spirit of slavery, injustice, and disunion trying to recover power in the government. And as every patriotic and sincere Republican opposed Mr. Seymour, so should he oppose General Butler.

Of course he works within the forms of law and of party usage, and he works very skillfully. He sees the ugly fact that the government of this country has practically fallen into the hands of a small class, and he makes the most of it. The periodical renewal of the government both in the State and the nation begins in the primary meeting, proceeding from that to the local and thence to the general convention. The convention nominates, and the member of the party must support the regular candidate, or take the risk of defeating the party. Such is the strength of party spirit and the efficiency of organization that the power which controls the primary commands the party. Now the immense army of State and national officers have a personal, vital, bread-and-butter interest in caucuses and conventions that no other citizens have. They are distributed all over the country, and it is they who manage the primaries, and enable their masters to dictate nominations and candidates. There are chief centres of this directing influence, of which the custom-house in large sea-ports is usually the most important. The Boston Collectorship is the main-spring of this influence in Massachusetts. The man who commands the Collector controls all the patronage of the office for his own purpose. The Collector obeys his chief, and following the Collector's political leading is the tenure of office of the subordinates. There is no published code to that effect, and there is always some other reason alleged for removal. But this is the fact, and the result of such a system is evident.

General Butler wishes to be Governor of Massachusetts. The appointment of his most faithful and efficient lieutenant as Collector secures to him an active body of workers personally and pecuniarily interested in his success. The public service of the country at that point is prostituted to a private purpose, and when such a system is accepted by public opinion, the gate is wide open for every other kind of abuse. When the public interest is set aside, it is easy to enlarge and confirm personal power by fostering a system of plunder of the Treasury under false pretenses, and by increasing the number of those who owe to one individual their share of the booty. General Butler led the salary grab a year ago, and has tried to restore the franking abuse this year, and appears as the counselor of Jayne, the moiety spy, and as the friend of Sanborn, the internal revenue contractor. Does any honest Republican who carefully reads the papers doubt that there have been the most monstrous frauds and extortions in the public service? Does he not see that something is rending the party, that its best members are dissatisfied, that the mere appeal to its great achievements in the past fails to inspire enthusiasm, and that General Butler is the representative of those practices and tendencies in politics that most endanger the public welfare? If he does see this, he understands why the fact that the general is a strict party man does not commend him to those who hold principle and patriotism superior to party, and why a very large and influential secession from the party will follow the conviction that he really represents its present spirit and purpose. That conviction, however, will not depend upon the vehement assertion of the opponents of the Republican party, but upon the regular party action. The issue will be distinctly made in Massachusetts, with the advantage in favor of General Butler which the President has given him in the appointment of Mr. Simmons and the control of the patronage—unless, indeed, the President expects Mr. Simmons and General Butler to introduce civil service reform into the Boston Custom-house. Of course Butler is important only as a representative; and if it shall appear in the Massachusetts Convention next September that the political spirit and methods which he represents control the party organization, it will, as we hope and believe, be found, that although the party can be destroyed, it can not be Butlerized.

MR. SUMNER'S CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

The last thoughts and the last words of Mr. Sumner were for his Civil Rights Bill, which he regarded as the completion of the great work to which his life had been chiefly devoted. And he was right in believing its passage to be a duty which the country could not honorably neglect. When the Amnesty Bill was offered in the Senate in 1871, he proposed his bill as an amendment. He was entreated not to press it, because, as a two-thirds vote was required, his amendment would only defeat the bill, as many Senators would vote for amnesty who would not vote for the civil rights. His reply was, "Justice with generosity: let us be just to our friends while we are generous to our late enemies." In a private letter written on the 30th of December, 1871, Mr. Sumner said: "My bill is an application on the national theatre of an argument made by me in Boston as long ago as 1849, where I first employed the term Equality before the Law. Its theory is that in all institutions, functions, or privileges created or regulated by law there shall be no discrimination on account of color. Now is the time to secure this immense boon, which is the final fulfillment of the promises of the Declaration of Independence."

The bill forbids hotels, public schools, theatres, steamers, and railways to discriminate against orderly and proper persons on account of color. It is the completion of the promise of equal civil rights which we have already made, and it is resisted only by the old prejudice. It is declared to be inexpedient, because the feeling about the colored race can not be affected by legislation. This argument is not only too late, but it is unfounded in fact. The moment that political and civil disability ceases to stigmatize color, the prejudice against it begins to disappear. The "instinct" of dislike is founded in legal injustice. If the Irish were held as slaves for generations, and sold like cattle at the shambles, and robbed of every human right, there would be plenty of people to insist that they had an "instinctive aversion" to the Irish brogue. And so long as the prejudice against color is legalized, so long it will continue, and be urged as an argument against justice. But having declared that political and civil disability by reason of color shall cease, we are bound to take care that it does cease, and to see that the equality which we have proclaimed shall be secured. The other evening an orderly person was refused admittance to Mrs. Conway's theatre, in Brooklyn, because of the color of his skin. He could as properly, under the general guarantee of the Civil Rights Bill, have been refused because of the color of his clothes.

Honest legislation upon the subject will not at once remove all prejudice, but it will clear the way for its disappearance. While the law fails to protect their equality, trouble will remain. It is often said that they prefer to associate with each other, to have their own schools and churches, and to frequent hotels where the guests are of their own color. So far as this is voluntary there is no complaint from any quarter. But when separate public schools are maintained for them by law, however equal in every convenience to all other schools, and while they can not go to any hotel which they may prefer, they are stigmatized, and the spirit of the original Civil Rights Bill, to which Mr. Sumner's is supplementary, is outraged and violated. The real intent of Republican legislation in regard to political and civil equality was the removal of all legal disability or inequality upon account of color; and the passage of Mr. Sumner's bill is, therefore, a moral obligation upon the party.

THE ERA OF ASSIGNATS.

On the 18th of March, 1869, the President approved an act of Congress which declared that "the faith of the United States is solemnly pledged to the payment in coin or its equivalent of all the obligations of the United States not bearing interest, known as United States notes," and that "the United States also solemnly pledges its faith to make provision at the earliest practicable period for the redemption of the United States notes in coin." On the 23d of March, 1874, without the least effort having been made to provide for the redemption of those notes, and in open contempt of the pledged faith of the nation, the House of Representatives authorized the emission of the irredeemable notes known as "the reserve." The majority was very large, the vote being 168 ayes to 77 noes. It was in no sense a party division, for of the affirmative vote fifty-three were Democrats, and of the negative twenty-one, a fact which illustrates the political situation, for it was the most important vote of the session. We observe with pleasure that most of the able men of the Republican side voted against the bill, including the leader of the House and Mr. Garfield, chairman of the Committee upon Appropriations, while Fernando Wood and Mr. Beck, the Democratic leaders, voted in favor of it. Mr. Cox and Mr. Potter, of New York, Democrats, voted against it.

The country is thus launched upon the era of inflation of the French assignats and the Continental currency. The bill, indeed, professes to limit the total amount of notes to $400,000,000. But since the House has deliberately violated the solemnly pledged faith of the country by turning away from resumption toward expansion, that limitation is merely laughable. The reasoning that demands inflation to-day will demand more inflation to-morrow. Nor can there be any doubt that if the nominal limitation had been fixed at six hundred millions instead of four, it would have been approved by the majority. The argument of the inflationists is that the legitimate business of the country demands more "money" or paper currency. But that argument will be still more powerful and more plausible next year than it is now, and the House, controlled by the Republican party, has thus taken the first great step toward repudiation, to avoid which was one of the chief considerations that elected General Grant in 1868. That there might be no question that his election meant a return to a sound financial basis, the pledge of which we have spoken was made by Congress within the first fortnight after his inauguration. And the gravity of the action of the House becomes more apparent when it is remembered that the leaders of inflation sneer at a specie basis of the currency as an antiquated delusion of the effete despotisms of Europe.

What inflation and the era of assignats mean every thinking man and student of history knows. But the result, as shown in France, is vividly depicted by Victor Hugo in his story of *Ninety-Three*, which is just published. He is describing the Reign of Terror and of the assignats. Every body, he says, gambled in them; and later "the people gave chase to them [the jobbers] as they did to the thieves, whom the royalists styled 'active citizens.'" "A gold louis [of the value of twenty silver francs] was worth three thousand nine hundred and fifty francs. A course in a hackney-coach cost six hundred francs. After a day's use of a carriage this sort of dialogue might be heard: 'Coachman, how much do I owe you?' 'Six thousand francs.' A green-grocer woman sold twenty thousand francs' worth of vegetables a day. A beggar said, 'Help me in the name of charity; I lack two hundred and thirty francs to finish paying for my shoes.'" Carlyle says that on the 1st of February, 1796, at the Bourse, in Paris, the gold louis of twenty francs in silver cost 5330 francs in assignats. The end is known: universal ruin and national bankruptcy. The fatuity which supposes that two and two will not make four in this country because they did in France is beyond reason, but it is capable of infinite mischief. The bill which passed the House professes to relieve "existing uncertainty;" but when the Senate concurs, and it becomes a law, there will be nothing certain left. It is evident that the clear perception of the infinite folly and peril of inflation is wanting in Congress, and there can, therefore, be no financial security or confidence when further expansion is merely a question of time. Meanwhile it would be interesting to know whether the Republicans who voted in favor of this inflation suppose that the solemn pledge of the national faith made by Congress five years ago meant merely a further issue of irredeemable paper.

SPIES AND PLUNDER.

There have been two very significant meetings recently held in the city of New York; one of them to utter the most vigorous protest against inflation, and the other to expose the enormities of the revenue and moiety laws, and to demand the most prompt and thorough redress. Such meetings are among the most striking proofs of the power of public opinion. When a wrong is once plainly disclosed in this country, there is an instant readiness to discuss it and to remove it. If it be deeply rooted in every kind of interest and prejudice, as slavery was, the contest may be long, but it is not relaxed; and when the abuse is only a legal outrage and enormity like the present revenue laws, it inspires a warning thunder of remonstrance which Congress can not fail to hear and heed. The wrongs of the revenue system are of course felt more deeply in New York than any where else, because New York is the chief port of the country. But the manner in which such monstrous legislation is procured, and the methods by which it is enforced, are a common shame and a national humiliation. They show a spirit which causes the sea-port to suffer to-day, but which will strike the interior to-morrow. A great and palpable injustice any where in the country is a wound every where. All interests and industries and persons are naturally united in resistance to a gross wrong to any one of them. And as the revelations of the revenue investigation in Washington have thoroughly aroused the public mind, the great meeting in New York has as thoroughly instructed it.

Mr. Joseph H. Choate spoke to the law upon the subject, and Mr. Jackson S. Schultz to the experience of the merchants. Mr. Choate said most truly that the merchants do not ask that laws shall be lax or fraud made easy, or that offenders shall not be adequately and amply punished. They ask only that the laws shall be just and intelligible, and such as every man interested can understand, which is

now impossible. He quoted the present Secretary of the Treasury, who lately said in a report:

"There is often a direct conflict between different statutes, and occasionally between two or more provisions of the same statute, and single provisions are frequently held to embrace different meanings. These differences can be settled only by arbitrary interpretation or by adjudication in Congress."

And one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States says:

"It is a great grievance that the many laws that are passed by Congress become so numerous and complicated that there is very great difficulty to ascertain what is the state of the law on any particular subject."

Mr. Choate added that he spoke from very considerable experience in such matters and knowledge of the laws in saying that

"there is not a single importer in the city of New York, that there is not a single member of Congress now sitting in the Capitol at Washington, who has got an invoice of goods arrived off the Battery to be entered at the Custom-house, with the laws that are now in force from the beginning until now, who could make an entry of those goods at the Custom-house and run the gauntlet of the District Court."

The moiety system he described as holding out temptations to oppression and injustice too great for human nature to resist. Mr. Choate properly exposed the constructive fraud, one of the most outrageous points in the laws; and we are sorry to see that the New York *Times*, in alluding to the subject, asserts that the law does not presume irregularity to be fraud.

"And finally, on the evils of the law, there is what I may call the theory—for it is a new theory—of technical forfeiture, the administration in court of a system of constructive fraud which never ought to have been thought of in the administration of revenue laws. I mean to say that there are laws upon the statute-books which the courts feel bound to construe in such a manner as to condemn a merchant, who is confessedly honest, because of some accidental omission or some accidental inaccuracy in his invoice or his entry, or the complicated certificates and oaths which the law and the regulations require to be attached to the entry. Now about that there can be no mistake. There have been repeated instances of merchants' goods condemned for such technical forfeitures, as they are called, such constructive frauds, as the courts construe them, when the merchant stood ready with his witnesses to prove that it was purely accidental, a wholly innocent mistake, and he was not allowed to offer that evidence even when the jury stood upon the other side ready and anxious to acquit him."

The speech of Mr. Choate was a very comprehensive and powerful exposure of the iniquity of the law, and was received with great applause.

Mr. Schultz, whose strong and conclusive remarks before the Committee of Ways and Means has enlightened the country upon the subject, and who has become the efficient champion of those whom the injustice of the laws wrongs, gave a forcible and striking description of the operation of the law, and in a good-humored way stated the mercy with which the firm of Mr. H. B. Claflin had been treated by the agents of the law as a reason why Mr. Claflin spoke so kindly of the system. He added:

"I know another man who thinks the laws are all right, but before Jayne's time he laid himself open to a forfeit of $3,000,000 on an error of $300; but the lawyer detailed by the Government to examine the case reported that the Government could not afford to exact any penalty, to go into so mean a business. That house was A. T. Stewart & Co. I have seen Stewart on the subject, and have no doubt he could have proved his innocence, but his innocence would not have deterred Jayne from seizing his books and papers, and it is a saying of Jayne's, 'When I am fishing for chubs I never throw away trout.' Give him the books once, and he will fish for any thing—in private correspondence, ladies' correspondence—trout, anyway. You remember what Jayne said of Woodruff & Co.—that their case was a hard one, that they had meant no wrong, and paid $50,000 for it? When he told the committee that, I thought that one of the members (from the West) would have broken the other leg of that man, and thrown him out of the window. Colonel Bliss thought, too, that $50,000 was quite enough, but Jayne said he would have taken more if he could have got it."

Mr. Schultz ended his speech by declaring that, as a supporter of the Administration, he hoped that the Government would "get into line." Every honest Republican agrees with him. And Congress may be sure that the better sentiment of the party is represented by the demand of the total repeal of the iniquitous laws, and the construction of a revenue system that will not authorize acts which would have been astounding in Bomba's Naples, and are simply intolerable and shameful in the United States.

THE CENTENNIAL AND THE MILLENNIAL.

As the United States are preparing to celebrate their centennial anniversary, Iceland is making ready for its millennial—the thousandth anniversary of the colonization in 874. The King of Denmark has signalized the event by granting the Icelanders a constitution conferring a complete autonomy upon the island, which is to have its own Althing or Parliament, with full legislative authority. The new constitution goes into effect on the 1st of August of this year. For many a year, from old Sir Joseph Banks down to Baring-Gould, scholars and travelers have carried off many of the manuscript treasures of Iceland; and it has occurred to some American scholars that this year would be a fit time for a token of amity from the young continent on its centennial birthday to the old island upon its millennial. Professors Child, of Cambridge, and Fiske, of the Cornell University, propose therefore to send a case or two of books upon the part of American scholars, authors, and publishers as a gift to the national library at Reikiavik, the capital of Iceland, which may in some degree repair the loss of the literary stores of which Iceland has been despoiled for our benefit. This is one admirable way of celebrating our Centennial without applying for government aid.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XII.

There are a number of old churches often hidden amidst the busier streets of London, covered up by huge warehouses, or in narrow lanes and courts, that are singularly interesting, though they have lost their early usefulness. They were built or embellished by the opulent merchants whose fine mansions were clustered together in the neighborhood, but which have long since vanished before the demands of trade. The congregations have for the most part fled, but the churches remain. Some of them are so small as to seem only fitted for private chapels, but all are adorned in the interior with carving and gilding, with marble and gold, with monuments and effigies, that recall the munificent liberality of the London merchants. They are preserved with great care, are often richly endowed, and one can not hear without a thrill of interest the pealing bells that may have won the devout Evelyn from his studies, or remember that nearly five centuries have passed since Whittington heard the chimes of St. Mary-le-Bow. The churches perished in the fire of 1666, but were soon afterward renewed under the care of Sir Christopher Wren. London sprang up with marvelous rapidity after its wide destruction, and when Charles II. was holding his mad revels in Whitehall, and William of Orange planning the overthrow of Louis, the Sunday bells pealed once more over the peaceful city, and these graceful buildings were filled with attentive worshipers. In those days London was a city of churches. It is said of the modern metropolis that an extraordinary proportion of its people have no church to worship in, even if they desired it; that they are suffered to grow up in rare ignorance; that the Establishment has permitted the capital of the nation to sink into a general neglect of the national faith; that the poor of London have no better knowledge of Christianity than if they were inhabitants of Cairo or Pekin. There is much truth in the charge. The Established Church has wholly failed to teach the poor; nor is there any trait of English life more painful than these traces that every where appear of the neglected condition of the people. The voluntary system with us has already covered Colorado with schools and churches, and planted refinement in the wilderness. The central city of the Saxon race is just beginning to civilize its toiling multitude. Yet there is a peculiar phase of religious life passing over England at this moment that may have no slight influence upon its political history. A passion for spectacular worship, an indolent refusal to take any active or any intellectual share in the services, a trust in ritualism and formalism, have wholly changed the chief characteristics of the English Church. Its people, who were once contented with plainness and good order, will now be satisfied with nothing but music, songs, processions, and pantomime; with throngs of bowing priests and choristers; with a pagan pomp and show that would have gratified the Syracusan gossips of Theocritus, or have seemed appropriate in the temple of Diana. From every church and chapel resound the nasal drone of the intoning priest, the peal of the organ, and the sweet yet unmeaning chant of the well-trained choristers. Half England belongs to the Established Church, and half England seems to have sunk into a religious imbecility. It is said that Augustine and his monks, when they found the barbarous Saxons indifferent to their most touching sermons, won them by the sweet influences of the Gregorian chants, and that the pupils of Gregory's singing-school at Rome converted the English. The taste for a musical worship has revived among their descendants. Crowded churches listen to the perpetual chanting of a service whose fine thoughts and language are lost in the enunciation, and hear with apparent pleasure the monotonous strains of the choir. What charmed the savage Saxons is equally attractive to modern Churchmen. At the evening services in St. Paul's an immense multitude gather beneath the fair dome, lighted by long lines of glittering jets of gas; the white statues look down like spectral figures from every niche and corner; far away the organ peals in the grand choir; a crowd of priests and choristers perform their various duties; there is a perpetual sound of music, a kneeling or bowing throng, a spectacle whose real and artistic beauty in that graceful, immense, and faintly lighted cathedral can seldom be surpassed. Yet one can not avoid remembering that Artemis and Serapis were adored in temples as grand, and with a musical pomp not dissimilar to that which has displaced the more intellectual forms of Christian worship. To adore our Maker aright demands the concentration of all the mental powers, to obey Him the cultivation of all our highest faculties.

There is no doubt that the English Church is practically won over to the side of Romanism. Some amiable and excellent bishops and some learned and active priests may still retain the spirit and the liberality of Ridley and Rogers, Tenison, Tillotson, and Hooker, but a large part of the clergy have long abandoned the leading principles of Protestantism. For an intellectual worship they would substitute a drama or a spectacle, images and gleaming lights, the confessional and priestly absolution; and in any open conflict between the papal powers and the reformed the sympathies of some liberal and many conservative English politicians would not incline to the religion of progress. The wealthy landholders are usually ritualists. The ritualist churches are flourishing and opulent, their opponents are poor and divided. It is with banners and crosses, processions and mummeries, that the fashionable missioners are making their incursions into the most degraded parts of London. Something of the mental feebleness that marked the decay of early Christianity at Rome and Constantinople has fallen upon English society. Oxford scholars wander dreamily through history in search of an infallible Church, and young clergymen show more ardor in defense of a screen of graven images, a canopy, or a confessional than of Christianity itself. A new hatred has sprung up among them for Dissenters, for education, popular progress, and almost the name of reform. Yet it is probable that this Romanizing tendency in the English Church will only tend to hasten its final separation from the state. The English government is founded upon Protestantism; the crown itself is limited to a Protestant family; the great body of the people have already separated themselves from the ruling Church, or are prepared to resist with Puritanic zeal the modern Lauds and Bonners. At the recent meetings to assure the Germans of the sympathy of England in their struggle against papal intrigues, large and ardent audiences expressed their feelings with more than common zeal. The meetings received little aid or notice from the press. It is the practice of English journalists to avoid all allusion to ecclesiastical matters. It is a subject upon which they care to say little. Nor would this be an improper course in periods of repose in church and state. But in the remarkable contest between Germany and the Pope, between a modern Hildebrand and the defenders of European progress, between the land of Luther and the bitterest of its persecutors, there can be no doubt as to the duty of literature. It is to place itself on the side of education and liberal reform. This at least the people of England are prepared to do, and the meetings in London show how easily the nation might be aroused to resist and overthrow the Romanizing tendencies of its ruling Church. The English feel that Prince Bismarck is defending the liberties of Christendom. It is told of Hildebrand that he died forgiving all the world but the Emperor and the Antipope. For them he left behind his perpetual malediction. The last excommunications of Pius IX. will probably fall anew upon Reinkens and Germany.

Among the most common traits of the English landscape are the remains of ruined abbeys and churches. They are usually hidden amidst the fairest scenery and surrounded by the most fertile pastures. The monks were famed for their skill in selecting pleasant sites, and for the prudence with which they enlarged and cultivated their possessions and controlled their herdsmen and their slaves. Of their monasteries sometimes only a huge and castellated gateway, or a broken wall and a few tottering arches, remain. Sometimes more extensive buildings have been preserved, and have been surrounded by modern additions. The banqueting halls of the hereditary land-holders have been attached to the gray and massive refectory, the towers and keep of the ancient abbey frown amidst the gay creations of the modern architect, and the song and the dance resound over the pavements where shaven monks once told their beads. Yet there is something so chill, stern, and rude in all these monastic ruins as may well indicate the half-savage and often cruel natures of the ascetics who built and occupied them. It is not difficult to conceive how readily they would have flocked to the torture of a Lollard, or extracted the teeth or pierced the eyeballs of an opulent Jew. The monasteries were hidden amidst thick woods, solitary and umbrageous. Their walls are strong and heavy, rude as the sides of a cavern. The massive gates are defended by circular towers, the windows of the cells are narrow openings in the pile of stone, light scarcely reaches to the damp and drear apartments; and in their cave-like mansions the followers of Augustine and Benedict must have lived with little more of comfort than the prehistoric men. In their dreary gloom it is no wonder that they were haunted by the strange visions told by Ingulphus or Roger de Hoveden, that they saw evil spirits in every shady wood, and were not unwilling to drown their terrors in too frequent draughts of wine. Yet the frequency of these lonely ruins confirms the narrative of history that at one period more than one-third of the cultivated land of England had fallen into the possession of the monks, and they may well serve to warn all modern Englishmen of the faculty of accumulation that seems a natural trait of religious communities. At present the broken arches and tottering gateways serve chiefly to add to the charms of English scenery and to the value of the land. To possess a ruined abbey is thought one of the chief attractions of an estate in the country.

The English cathedral, perhaps the parent of abbeys and convents, has often outlived its offspring, and been renewed by modern hands. Its gray walls have been propped and restored, its roof regilded, its monotonous chants and intonations have survived since the days of Gregory. There is a close resemblance between the architecture of most of the cathedrals and that of the ancient abbeys. Both have the rude and heavy exteriors of unformed masses of stone. On the outside the cathedrals seem to have been built without any care for regularity or any notion of beauty. They are often covered over with grotesque carvings in stone, but time has shorn from them their chief decoration. The features of angels and demons have been swept away, the beads or wings have sometimes fallen on the impatient worshipers, and the famous fronts of Bath and Exeter are confused surfaces of maimed and broken sculpture. The cathedrals in their interiors are so filled with tall and shapely pillars, so covered with leaves, fruit, and flowers, with all the umbrageous creations of the monkish fancy, that they might seem a mass of vegetation that has sprung like a fungus from the earth. They resemble forests in stone, and emulate the shady groves in which the anchorites first found refuge. A deep and painful gloom hangs over their varied niches and chapels. The chapels of Westminster, where Elizabeth and Mary sleep not far from each other, where the bronze figures of Henry VII. or the Edwards, of knights and princes, lie with clasped hands, as if asking for the mercy they never showed, have around them a solemn atmosphere that is almost appalling. The barbarous faith of the mediæval Church found its proper expression in these long naves that are dim and dark as the recesses of a forest, and of these useless labyrinths of stone, that once employed and wasted the resources and the energy of a suffering land, a portion only can be used for modern worship. Curiosity sometimes attracts large audiences to Bath or Canterbury, but in general the choristers and the ministering priests outnumber the few attendants, who are lost in the faint and solemn gloom. Large sums are expended at different times in propping up the falling cathedrals. It is possible that they may yet be applied to some more useful purpose than celebrating the musical ritual of Gregory, or, perhaps, may be suffered to fall with convent and abbey into as graceful a ruin as Tintern or Melrose.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress has at last taken a decided step toward the settlement of the currency question. The House, on the 23d ult., suspended the rules, and took up the bill from the Committee of Ways and Means fixing the maximum limit of legal-tender circulation at $400,000,000. The text of the bill is as follows: "Whereas, the existing uncertainty as to whether the amount of legal-tender notes now authorized by law to be kept in general circulation is $356,000,000 or $400,000,000 is calculated to derange the business of the country and unsettle values; therefore, be it enacted, etc., that the provisions of law existing prior to the passage of the act approved April 12, 1866, entitled 'An act to amend an act to provide ways and means to support the government,' approved March 3, 1865, be, and the same are hereby declared to be, in force, so as to authorize the amount of legal-tender notes of the United States to the amount of $400,000,000 to be kept in general circulation, and the total amount of United States notes, issued or to be issued, shall never exceed $400,000,000." Mr. Dawes proposed to limit the amount to $356,000,000, and Mr. Roberts to $382,000,000, but both amendments were rejected, and the bill was passed by a vote of 168 to 77. On the same day, in the Senate, Mr. Sherman, from the Finance Committee, reported a compromise bill fixing the limit of the legal-tender issue at $382,000,000, and providing for free banking, at the same time requiring that legal tenders shall be retired as fast as bank-notes are issued. On the 26th ult. an amendment fixing the limit at $400,000,000 was passed in the Senate by a vote of 31 to 28.—Mr. M'Crary's bill for the regulation of inter-State commerce was passed by the House, on the 26th ult., by a vote of 121 to 116.

The Congregational Council adjourned early Sunday morning, March 29, after adopting a report sustaining Drs. Storrs and Budington in calling the Council, but not in their efforts to disfellowship Plymouth Church. The purpose of the call was thus defeated.

Several large fires occurred in various parts of the country during the week. The Ætna Cutlery Works, in New Britain, Connecticut, were burned on the 23d ult., involving a loss of $500,000. On the same day several blocks of houses in Elgin, Illinois, were destroyed by fire; loss, $300,000.

The tow-boat *Crescent City*, from New Orleans for St. Louis, blew up ten miles below Memphis on the 23d ult. The captain and eight of the hands were lost, and four others wounded.

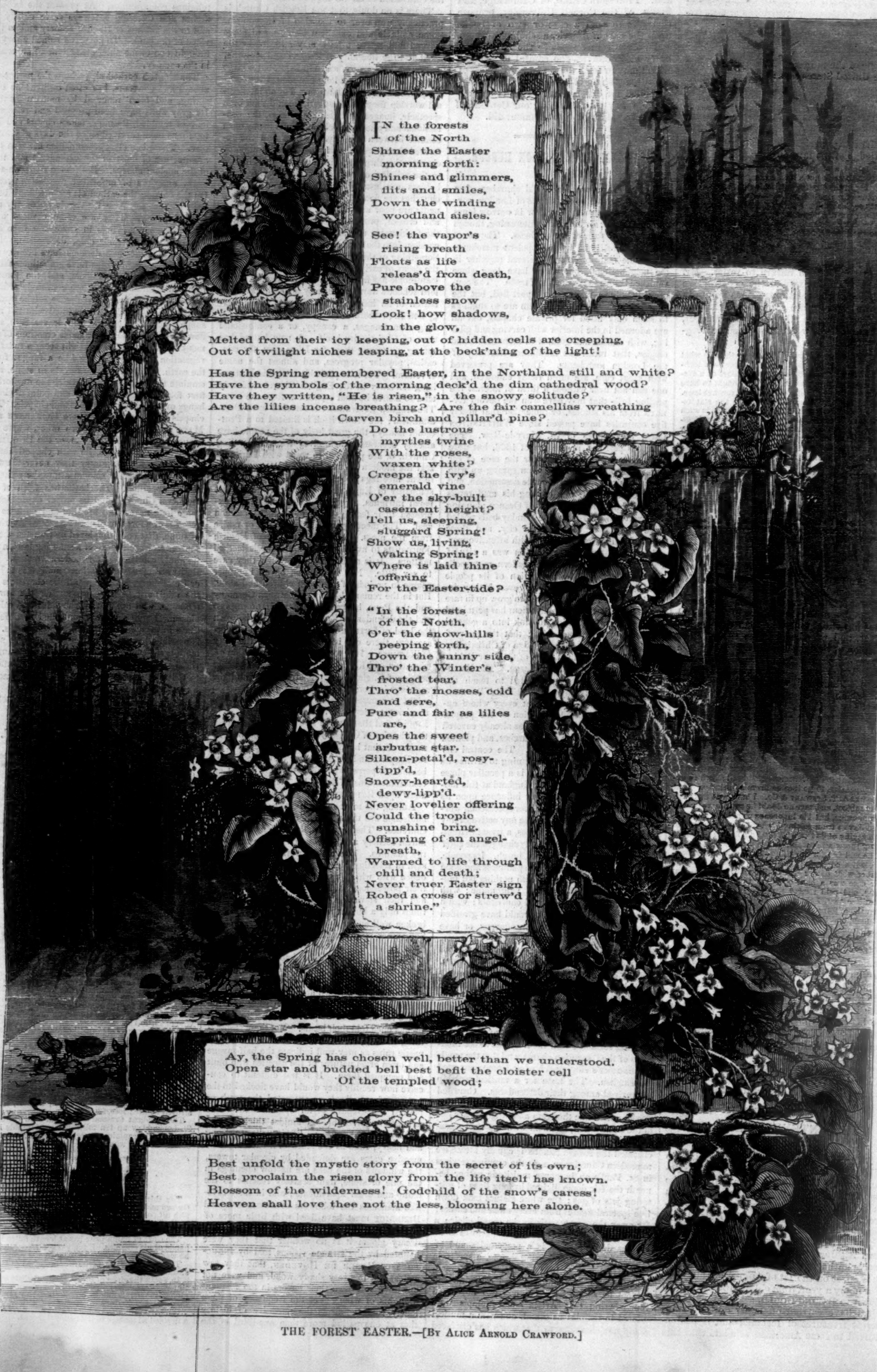
FOREIGN NEWS.

The thirty-first rowing race between the crews of Oxford and Cambridge universities took place on the 28th ult., on the Thames. The victory was easily won by Cambridge. The Prince of Wales and many other distinguished persons were among the spectators.

The Curé of Santa Cruz has at length fallen into the hands of his enemies. Having taken refuge in France, he was conducted to the frontier by the French.

The remains of Dr. Livingstone reached Aden in the steamer *Calcutta* on the 23d ult.

In Spain the siege of Bilbao by the Carlists still continues. Incendiary shells have been thrown into the city, with terrible effect. Whole streets are reported in flames. A fierce engagement was begun before the city on the 25th ult., lasting two days, and resulting in a decided advantage to the national troops.



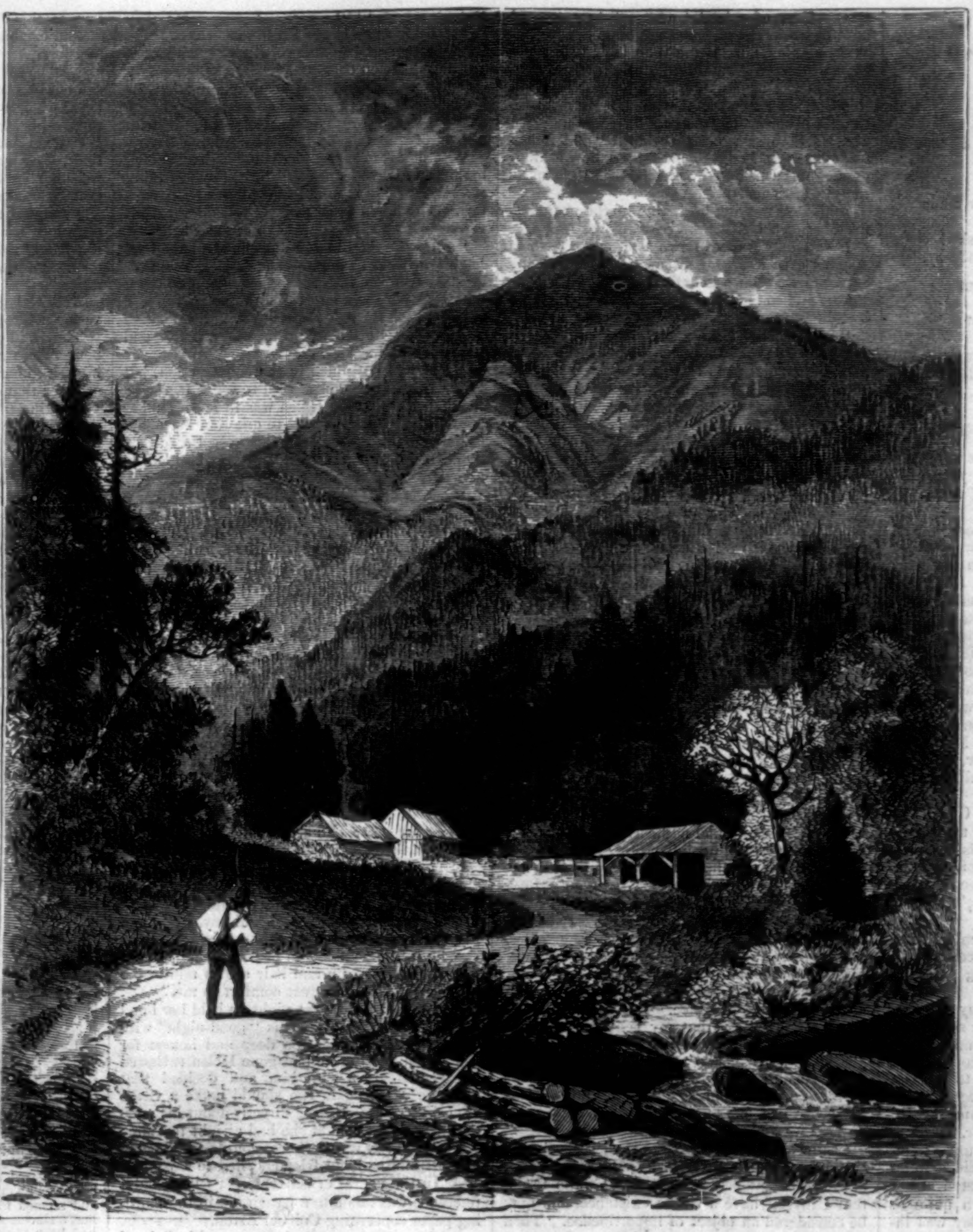
THE FOREST EASTER.—[By Alice Arnold Crawford.]

BALD MOUNTAIN.

A short time since the country was startled by the intelligence that a volcano had suddenly broken out in a quiet mountain range of North Carolina. For several days the news columns of the daily press fairly blazed with descriptions of "Our Vesuvius." One dispatch said the mountain was actually in a "state of volcanic eruption;" another, that a thin vapor was issuing from the top, and that "an upheaval of fire and lava from the deep bowels of the earth" was "hourly expected." Later and more trustworthy accounts modified considerably the expectations raised by the sensational telegraphic reports, and dashed the patriotic hope that we were to have a rival of Vesuvius and Etna. Although rumblings and vibrations still continue, they do not increase in force, and the accounts of steam and smoke issuing from the clefts of the rocks appear to have been wholly imaginary. A wreath of mist could easily, in a time of such excitement, be mistaken for volcanic smoke.

The truth of the matter seems to be that during the latter part of February and nearly the whole of March the people in the vicinity of Bald Mountain, in the county of M'Dowell, North Carolina, were alarmed by mysterious noises and rumblings in the interior of that mountain, which appeared to be agitated by some great internal commotion. Tremulous vibrations were felt in the ground for a distance of several miles, and the rumblings were occasionally accompanied by loud reports, like the discharge of heavy cannon. The rapid melting of the snow on the summit gave rise to the belief that the mountain was on fire within, and the outbreak of the flames was hourly expected. Rocks were shaken from their place, and considerable tracts of ground were seen to heave and subside. The wildest consternation reigned among the inhabitants of the "volcanic region." Their terror took the form of religious excitement. A "protracted meeting" was held in the neighborhood. Many people professed religion, and joined the Baptist Church, the only denomination in that section. During the night of February 22 the noises were so alarming that people thought the end of the world was at hand, and assembled in crowds for prayer. Early in the morning they sent for a colored Baptist preacher, and so impatient were they for his arrival that a part of the crowd went to meet him on his way, beseeching him to come and pray and preach. On the 3d of March Mr. Lumly, a Methodist minister, in charge of Broad River Mission, was importuned to attend and preach, and promptly complied with the request. From an eye-witness the scenes are described as most strange and extraordinary. The people came flocking in crowds of fifteen and twenty, including men, women, and children, all presenting the most terrible state of fear, despair, and penitence. On the day Mr. Lumly preached the house was literally packed, the preacher barely having room to stand. So great was the rush to hear that many rushed up the side of the walls and crowded on the joists above. This excitement continued nearly three weeks, and during that time no attention was given to labor or property. Some ludicrous incidents occurred. An old blockade whisky distiller on the mountain, who had been making whisky in contempt of the revenue officers for five or six years, alarmed by the rumblings and quakings, and believing that the Day of Judgment was at hand, came out of his "hole," abandoned his still, and made a full confession of his transgressions against the government. One simple-hearted man told a newspaper correspondent that he owed fifty dollars, and would sell his horse and two cows for that amount, as he did not wish to go out of the world owing any man a cent. The excitement recalls the old Millerite frenzy, when people gave away their property in anticipation of the end of the world.

Our views of Bald Mountain show the region to be wild, rude, and picturesque. The particular spot where the volcanic manifestations took place is in the neighborhood of Chimney Rock, where M'Dowell, Buncombe, and Henderson counties come together. The inhabitants belong chiefly to the class termed "poor whites." They are ignorant and superstitious to the last degree. The principal industry of the region is illicit whisky distilling, for which the mountains offer great facilities. Few comfortable and substantial houses are to be met with in that part of the country, the slab shanty shown in our illustration being a type of the style of building that prevails there.



BALD MOUNTAIN.—[Drawn by A. Wordsworth Thompson.]

SETTLER'S CABIN ON THE SIDE OF BALD MOUNTAIN.—[Drawn by A. Wordsworth Thompson.]

THE DIFFERENCE.

The budding boughs before him bent
  In the dark and the rain,
As carelessly he turned and went
  Down the lonesome lane;
And, drifting with the wind's wild cry,
She heard, "Good-by, fair friend, good-by."

At the door she idly staid,
  And watched the twilight wane
Through the arch the wet boughs made
  Above the lonesome lane.
Ah, sodden earth and darkening sky!
She wept, "Good-by, my Love, good-by."

Through the wet and wind he went
  Into the world again;
Fate and Fortune before him bent;
  Forgot was the lonesome lane.
Only the night-wind heard her cry:
"Alas! Good-by, my Love, good-by."

HELEN FORD'S ROMANCE.

"Come in!" and Milly's black face went in.

"Two gemmen in parlor to see you, Miss Ford. Mr. Harlowe be one, an' I dunno de odder."

"Yes. Thank you, Milly. See, please, if Mrs. Clay is ready." Helen hurried to complete her toilet, the adjustment of tea-roses in her hair, and a head of daphne at her breast. If she had no other incomparable art, she had that of wearing flowers with the most consummate grace. They seemed to belong to her, so that without them she never seemed to be quite Helen Ford. She declared she was quite too poor to wear jewels, and wore flowers instead. Had she taken the trouble to speak sincerely, she would have said she wore them for love's sake, and because they became her so well. Presently Mrs. Clay, a widow, and ten years Helen's senior, came in, dressed in evening costume, and shining with gems.

"Do tell me how I look, Lady Clay," exclaimed Helen. "There's nothing to redeem this everlasting old pink silk but this lace bertha. Old lace is as potent a badge of respectability as a family crest or a 'Du' to one's name. Does my hair look as usual—'artistic,' as Fanny says?"

"It looks as if it hadn't been combed for a month, if that is artistic. But it becomes your style. It is quite your distinguishing accoutrement."

"You'll never get over your army phrases. If *I* had only had a lover to nurse, or something else had happened that never has, I might have had some romance in *my* life. I wonder who Mr. Harlowe has brought with him to go with us to Senator ——'s reception. There, fasten my glove, please, and we'll go down and see."

After the accustomed greeting Mr. Harlowe introduced—"My friend, Colonel Aston, of Nevada, Miss Ford. Mrs. Harlowe decided to go with the Senator, and sent Colonel Aston in her stead, believing you would find him quite as agreeable as herself." Then Mrs. Clay was introduced, and the party, entering their carriage, was driven to the residence of the Senator.

The reception consisted of the usual jam of "natives and foreigners." Every body was "distinguished," and the dresses of the women perfectly bewildering. Colonel Aston devoted himself to Mrs. Clay, and Helen devoted herself to a dozen admirers with honest devotion for the time being. Without being a beauty, her face attracted by its marked sweetness and picturesqueness. Then she had a great deal of vivacity and a bright sparkling air about her, that in the superficial and conventional society of the capital was most refreshing. She was quite old enough to appreciate thoroughly all that was appreciable, and young enough to gather and dispense life in a fresh, unhackneyed manner. Then, too, she succeeded in doing what every body declared impossible—talked "sense" in society.

Presently Mrs. Harlowe joined her. "I want you to go over and look at some photographs of the Yosemite. Colonel Aston has been charming us with his talk of them. The crowd is looking on at the dancing, and you can get through easily."

Helen excused herself, and complied with the request.

"Mrs. Harlowe brought me a glowing account of Colonel Aston's text to the pictures," she began. "I hope he has not entered upon his peroration!"

"I hope Miss Ford will allow her coming to be the peroration. These photographs need nothing so much as life and color."

Then they glided into a social mood, Helen "doing" Boston, and Colonel Aston picturing the lands beyond the Rocky Mountains, talking almost uninterruptedly until time to make their adieux.

"I hope we shall soon have the pleasure of a call from Mr. Harlowe and Colonel Aston," Helen mingled with her thanks at the door. "One sees very little of the *real* of their friends in society."

The two women sat down before a glowing grate, and, woman fashion, proceeded to discuss the reception, the one taking down her hair, and the other caressing her wilted flowers.

"And, do you know," Helen eagerly broke out, "I was greatly taken with Colonel Aston. The man's mouth quite won me. An ugly mouth or a weak one repels me as nothing else in a face. His smile is wonderfully warm and winning. Didn't you think so?"

"I didn't observe. But I learned through Mr. Harlowe that he was a man for whom I had lain awake many a night, and worried over to the value of a dozen men. You remember, just at the close of the war, the papers being filled with the rumored violent death of a brilliant army officer of splendid accomplishments, and how for weeks the suspense was unbroken? No? Well, alas! *I* do. Some time later a full and most thrilling account of his adventures was published in one of the New York journals. Well, this Colonel Aston was that man. He seems to have been miraculously saved for some purpose. Mr. Harlowe says he is a widower, and rich—owns lands and mines enough to endow a kingdom, and is considered where he lives to be quite the salt of the earth."

And such was the beginning of the acquaintance between Helen Ford and Colonel Aston.

It was only a day or two later when Colonel Aston's card was brought up to Helen. Milly persisted that he asked for no one but "Miss Ford," and so Helen went down before the color had died from her cheek.

"I hope, Miss Ford, you will pardon my presumption in calling alone. But our mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. Harlowe, assured me that your invitations were always sincere, and they were both too much engaged to accompany me."

"Colonel Aston is very welcome in company with himself," Helen smiled, "and my old friends were very good to give me the compliment of sincerity. I must confess that you have been much in my mind since I saw you. Mrs. Clay resurrected the account of your Southern perils, which I laughed over and cried over, and makes me regard you with absolute wonder. I never should dream from seeing your face that you had ever had so fearful an experience."

He smiled in an odd sort of way. "I have had an experience I have never told any one, and I sometimes think I never shall. I wonder if all lives do not hold some pith enshrouded in mystery and silence?"

"I've none in mine," Helen confidently asserted. "I have buried nearly all my friends, and had griefs in a variety of forms, but time has made them all bearable. I often feel quite vexed with myself for being so happy. Sometimes I really feel that a regret, or a bit of remorse, or a heart history, however sad and dolorous, would form most agreeable entertainment."

"And have you had no heart histories?" He turned his eyes full upon her own.

"None worthy the name. They are all like stories I have tried at various times to write—open well, promise beautifully, but lose in interest at the close of the first chapter. It is very difficult for two people to find each other entertaining after a somewhat thorough acquaintance. Haven't you found it so, Colonel Aston?"

"I can hardly answer from the stand-point of thorough acquaintance. I have been such a wanderer for years that my acquaintance with people has been very slight. But I sometimes dream of a friendship strengthening with intimacy, an interest always growing in newness as in thoroughness, and as dear and precious as the growth of one's own soul. We never tire of faces we love."

"How queer faces are!" she replied, musingly. "I make a fool of myself a dozen times a week in glowering at beautiful faces. I quite forget that I myself have a visible existence, and may be considered an object of impertinence. Then they are just so many *pros* and *cons*. I trust or distrust by what I see in faces. But why do you smile?"

"That your experience has been such a happy one, while mine has been quite the reverse. I think the human face is oftentimes a mask. I have faith in nothing but actual knowledge."

"Has your experience, then, been so very ungracious?"

"Enough so to make me require more than a face for a life-long recommendation. The fragrance of the rose you wear carries me back to my boyhood. I came near sending you some flowers to-day—I saw some rare ones—but overcame the impulse. But," after a pause, "I should like to do so now and then, as an *avant-courier* of myself, if you will be kind enough to wear them."

Helen blushed lightly at this, and declared that the sacrifice would be in not wearing them.

Two or three days later some flowers came, with an elegantly addressed card, and Helen rushed into Mrs. Clay's room. "See!—with Colonel Aston's compliments."

Mrs. Clay looked in the girl's face rather than at the flowers.

"Helen," she began, solemnly, "that man's heart is undergoing bombardment."

"And this bouquet is a flag of truce, is it?" laughed the girl.

"You like this man, Helen?"

"Yes, very much. He has a certain sort of strength, and seems so eminently capable of controlling circumstances that it is a real comfort to have him about. I have seen so many namby-pambies! *This* man isn't cultivated and refined to death, but is well read and very gentle. Yes, I *like* him. I've a real curiosity about his widowerhood, and if he has incumbrances, etc. One can't ask directly about such things, you know."

"I remember hearing Mrs. Harlowe say that he had one son, and that he lost his wife, a most excellent woman, many years ago. I begin to think you have found your fate, Helen."

"Oh, nonsense! I couldn't think of marrying any body, much less a widower, and be a step-mother, and hear the virtues of my deceased predecessor counted up. No, no; the first love or none, Lady Clay!"

But the flowers continued to come, never but a handful, but always choice and fragrant, and, following, Colonel Aston. He became Helen's escort to the theatre, to church, to social gatherings, and, as the spring days lengthened, in her after-dinner walks, so that publicly and privately the affair was commented upon, and considered "settled."

One night they went to see the play of *Divorce*. Colonel Aston's sympathies were entirely with Mr. Adriance, the jealous husband, while Helen's were with the wife. Riding home, they very frankly interchanged opinions.

"I've no sort of patience whatever with such jealousy," Helen declared.

"But you should find some extenuation for his fault when you realize that it was born of the holy passion of love," replied Colonel Aston, with a thrill of solemnity in the last words.

"Born of love! No, love is too high and deep, too broad and wide, to be disturbed by any thing so petty. Love is no stickler for conventionalities. There is a great deal being said about divorces just now. What do you think?"

"I believe in the old-fashioned method of 'fighting it out to the bitter end,' as the reformers tersely term it. Some bearable expedient may nearly always be devised if the parties will honestly seek for it. Even in exceptional cases, I believe separation would answer a better end than divorce."

There was not much in the conversation, but Helen had occasion afterward to recall it.

A few days before Helen was to leave for her home, Mrs. Clay ventured to question her about Colonel Aston's visits. She exercised a sort of duennaship over the girl, and felt entitled to liberties.

"I suppose Colonel Aston has made some commentary upon his frequent visits to you, Helen?"

"In no particular way," she replied. "We are very excellent friends. He knows I am not of the marrying sort, and not being so himself, I see no reason why he *should* make comments."

But that very evening he called, and in the course of the conversation said: "I have not sought the society of a lady so much as I have yours for a dozen years, neither enjoyed any so much. I sometimes fear it will make me very unhappy." And for a moment his face blanched white.

"Oh, why unhappy? I am sure we shall always be excellent friends," said Helen, frankly.

"Unhappy because of separation. I have not hitherto allowed myself to become attached to persons or places. I have had but one really happy year since childhood, and loved but one spot, and that was where my child was born."

"You have a child—and is that the extent of your family?" she ventured to ask.

"Yes. This is his picture;" and, looking at it, she saw the face of a beautiful boy, well up in his teens.

"Does he resemble you or his mother most?"

"His complexion and hair are as mine were at his age. He is a great comfort to me."

When he left her that night he held her hand long at parting, imbuing his "good-night" with a feeling and manner too deep and honest for simulation. After he had gone Helen reviewed her acquaintance with him, and decided that when he came again she should make a virtue of curiosity, and ask him directly about his married life. She thought she had a right to know.

The next day was her reception-day, and being her last, most of her friends called to say good-by. In the course of conversation with a lady, reference was made to a paragraph in the morning paper concerning Colonel Aston.

"I have such a curiosity to see this Colonel Aston," the lady exclaimed. "I've heard and read so much about him. Is he handsome?"

"No, not handsome, but rather distinguished," replied Helen.

"I never could understand the difficulty between him and his wife. I have always heard of him as a perfect gentleman, and she certainly is one of the loveliest women I ever met. But they couldn't get along together at all, and were divorced. Have you any idea of the trouble, Miss Ford?"

"Not the slightest," she replied, with perfect self-control, although her heart seemed to have been scattered with one blow to every part of her body. "Colonel Aston never speaks of his domestic life. But do tell me about his wife. I am curious to know of her."

"I know very little. I used to see her in Cincinnati often—a wee bit of a woman, with the most glorious eyes I ever saw, and perfectly winning manners. She always wore a dark silk of some sort, with a diamond ring and brooch, and fine lace. She superintended their son's education—a bright lad too. But some five or six years ago she married a man younger than herself—an ambitious, uncultivated man, who now has a position in one of the departments here, and she lives here too."

"This story of his life is not generally known, is it?"

"I think not. Since her marriage sympathy has been entirely with him, and regard for him is so deep and sincere that the matter has not been made public property."

Helen had saved herself. But when the day was over, and she was alone, her mortification was only equaled by her indignation. She had really begun to believe that she might marry a widower, but she had been receiving attention from a man who perhaps had no *right* to any thing more than her regard. For the time she thought only of herself, and regretted the impulse that brought her to Washington, and into its "corrupt society." Perhaps that "glorious-eyed" wife of his had passed them in the street, her hand lying on his arm, where her own used to lie! The thought made her sick and disgusted with life.

But every intensity has its hour, and so had Helen's. She found herself at length slipping into a different mood, in which another phase of the subject presented itself. Why should he have told me? What right had I to know this secret of his life? Does it not argue creditably to his honor and manhood that he guards that history with such jealous silence? These and other similar questions she asked of herself, and then, summoning her pride to her aid, proceeded to arrange for the future. She had not given her love to this man—that was one comfort. She had an engagement that very evening to go with him to an entertainment where both would necessarily be conspicuous. Should she go? Should she tell him what she had heard, and ask if it be true? There were too many coincidences for it to be otherwise than true.

Colonel Aston's arrival put an end to her questions. She greeted him with her accustomed welcome and frankness. It was a lovely summer evening, and as they returned the moonlight lay like a silvery sheen over the city. They walked for a long time in silence. At length he covered the hand that lay on his arm with one of his own. "Miss Ford seems to be in a reverie to-night."

And Helen said, "Yes. One always has so very much to think about in this life."

They said good-night in the same quiet manner. The man always had the insight to adapt himself to her moods.

After that she abandoned all intention of investigating the matter further. Her way of living, spending a few weeks or months in one place and another, gave her little margin for knowing the precedents of people in whose society she might be thrown. The best she could do was to accept them as she found them. What further was to come of this matter must come from Colonel Aston himself. He was the last to say good-by in the cars when she left for home the next evening, holding her hand until the very last, and leaving in it a sealed letter addressed to herself. She placed it mechanically in her traveling-bag, closed the spring, and sank back in her seat, as if she had come to a stand-point in her life. She felt that the knowledge she had desired lay at last within her reach, but she shrank from availing herself of it.

It was late when she reached Boston next day. A drizzling rain had set in at noon, so that the gleaming fire in her old familiar room in the friend's house she called home seemed doubly bright and dear. She felt that she had grown fifty years older since she had left a few months before. After dinner and dinner-talk were over she came back to her fire, drew up her easy-chair, and broke the seal of Colonel Aston's letter. The heavy unglazed paper, and the chirography, open, strong, and elegant, were pleasant to observe. She read:

"My dear Miss Ford,—I can not allow you to depart without thanking you for the pleasure your society has given me during our brief acquaintance. The desire to know more of you impels me to tell you something of myself which I have never told any one, and the telling of which can not be more irksome for you to read than bitter for me to write. But I believe there can be no sturdy basis for a life-long regard such as I hope to win from you save honesty and complete sincerity. What I am about to write may deprive me of your friendship, which, I believe, I already possess. But if I do not write it, it may lead to the destruction of your love, which, next to heaven, I desire to win.

"I was born in New England. My boyhood until I had completed my sixteenth year was as bright and happy as love and wealth and home ties could make it. Misfortune then befell my father. I left college and went West, to Illinois, and engaged in business. When I was twenty years old I was married. The lady was about my own age, beautiful, accomplished, and seemed to possess for me, as I did in reality for her, a sincere and ardent affection. Our acquaintance had been very short, only a few weeks at the most, and but a few months had elapsed before we both learned that in those things which constitute real marriage we were almost utterly opposed. We had made the all too common mistake of marrying in almost complete ignorance of each other's real qualities. We were both intense in our natures. Socially our education and surroundings had been entirely different. I was imbued with the orthodox notions of my Puritan ancestors, while she, reared in the West, partook of its easy and more liberal views. During the third year of our marriage my son Ernest was born. To me it was an event replete with joy and hope. We were both young, and with this now sacred bond between us, what might not a conscientious and faithful discharge of *duty*—even without love—do for us? But it proved a false hope. The gulf between us only deepened and widened. Added to this, I no longer prospered in business, although devoting myself to it most closely for diversion from domestic trouble. My wife, who was gay and ambitious, sought relief for herself in society. She was greatly admired, and accepted attentions which I thought imprudent. I never had a doubt of her purity of heart, but pleaded with her to guard her reputation for her own sake. Whatever of union had up to this time been between us was now dissolved. There were accusations, recriminations, and regrets, heated with the passion of the hour, and which the subsequent months only cooled into hard and stubborn facts. The future looked a dreary waste, the only bright thing our little Ernest. The end came at last—my wife insisting upon a separation. Although the love that consecrated the beginning was now a dead and lifeless thing, with my Puritanic ideas nothing could have shocked me more than my wife's words. For the sake of our child we should live out together our miserable and mismated lives. We could at least maintain a degree of honor, and one never could predict what time might not accomplish. But remonstrance was in vain. My wife had fair literary qualifications, and in her more thoughtful moods devoted herself to writing, and with an encouraging degree of success. Visions of fame and competence may have had a share in determining her future career. She desired to retain Ernest, now a boy of three years, until he was old enough to express a preference for either of us. I disposed of my business, and with the exception of a few hundred dollars, gave her the proceeds. Holding my child to my heart in a farewell embrace, I put the past behind me, buried as effectually as I could my short, disastrous married life, closed my heart to weal or woe, and turned my face to the new West, and for several years was engaged without reck or care in speculations, investing my earnings in mines and lands. Upon the breaking out of the war I entered the field with ardor. A stray bullet might answer the tangled question of my life. I raised a company of men, and offered them with myself to the government. I developed a fitness for military life, won its honors, enjoyed its triumphs; but from all—and you have read its closing experience—escaped without harm or scar, as if my life had been charmed.

"My wife, meantime, in the long interval, had obtained a divorce, and married a young man of this city, named Townsend, and now lives here. I have met her once, and we interchanged the conventional recognition of formal acquaintances. In heart and feeling to me she could be no more thoroughly dead if she had been buried years ago.

"The war left me still a young man. Its activity, coupled with my own adventures, had fired my heart and brain anew to wrest from life the best it held. Every business operation I entered upon prospered, so that to-day I am richer in worldly goods than I know, or perhaps care to know. With these have come the luxuries and refinements of life, but not what my heart most craves, the home altar and hearth-stone.

"Upon the marriage of my child's mother Ernest expressed a desire to come to me. I at once answered

his request, and after an absence of years again pressed my child to my heart. Latterly I have mingled much in society, and often have been faced with the question why I did not marry, as if love went and came at one's bidding. But the sight of your face, the sound of your voice, the touch of your hand, the sweetness and fragrance of your presence, the simplicity and frankness of your manners, and *yourself*, which is indescribable, have won from me the love of my manhood, deeper, stronger, and more tender than that of twenty years ago. I should have confided this story to you ere this but that I desired you to see me without the prejudices of any such entanglements of the past. Then at length my love for you made me a coward. I had no heart to rob myself of your society with a word from my own lips. Whatever you may possibly have heard you did me the kindness to conceal, and I thank you.

"In conclusion, I can only repeat what my heart has so often uttered, *I love you.* I am free to ask you to become my wife, and I do ask it with the whole strength and desire of my life. I ask it reverently and tremblingly, for I know how much I ask, how fraught it may be with prejudice, pride, and your own strong religious sense of right and wrong. I shall come to Boston within a month. Will you see me and wear the flowers I send? By that will I know.

"Ever and forever, JOHN P. ASTON."

It did not take so very long to read the letter, but it was long past midnight when Helen bethought herself of sleep. Ask herself as she might, her heart gave one answer and her head another.

The month sped swiftly away, while Helen heard and felt but the one eternal question of what to do. It was a war of love and judgment. One can hardly say that her love was small, to be held in bondage by the one misfortune of a man's life. For another to wed, as she was asked, had not seemed so hard a thing. But when brought home to herself it seemed so very, very different, so utterly impossible. She could love Aston to the end of her days, and felt very sure that she should; but she could not marry him. There was a Scriptural passage mentally placarded before her. But could she not as lawfully marry him as love him?

One day the servant brought her a box that had been left for her. It was not difficult to recognize Colonel Aston's "Miss Helen Ford" on the card. Inside lay flowers—tea-roses, and a head of daphne, such as she had worn that first night of meeting. The sight of them blinded her eyes, and the fragrance made her sick at heart. She put them in a vase, and tied a black ribbon in her hair and at her throat.

And she had *her* heart history, her romance, at last! An hour later the postman brought her mail—some business letters, and a Washington paper from Mrs. Harlowe, with a marked paragraph concerning a young débutante whom both knew. When she glanced over the paper again, looked at the marriages, then at the deaths, Helen felt the world passing from under her feet. It was a very simple announcement to most people—Mrs. Townsend had died suddenly of pneumonia.

A firm ring at the door some minutes later convinced Helen that she still had a sublunary existence. In a few minutes she was standing in Colonel Aston's presence with the flowers in her hand.

"I will wear them if you will grant me time," she said; "but I can not to-day."

She was very pale, and so faint that she grasped at a chair for support.

"God be thanked!" he said, and gathered her, flowers and all, in his arms.

When the early winter comes she will wear tea-roses and daphne, gathered in the conservatory of her own and Colonel Aston's home, and bless the impulse that carried her into the "corrupt society of Washington."

PERSONAL.

THE temperance agitation now sweeping over the country recalls the fact that it is just thirty-nine years since the Rev. Dr. CHEEVER published in a newspaper in Salem, Massachusetts, that wonderful dream of *Deacon Giles's Distillery*. The doctor was mobbed for it by the friends of the "deacon" who was hit off in the article, and was, besides, convicted of libel, and sent to the county jail for thirty days. But the "deacon's" business was destroyed, and the nation laughed at the way it was done. Hundreds of thousands of the pamphlet were printed, and Europe as well as America enjoyed the satire. Next to JUDAS ISCARIOT, "Deacon" Giles became the most infamous man that had lived since the beginning of the Christian era. Deacons, as a general thing, have gone out of the whisky manufacturing business, godliness and gin-making being deemed incompatible, and the latter quite disreputable.

—Colonel JOHN HAY and United States Marshal NICOLAY, of the Supreme Court at Washington, both private secretaries of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, are at work on a biography of the late President that will be more accurate and complete than any that has yet been written. The objection to the biographies of Mr. LINCOLN that are now before the public is that they do not seem to have been undertaken from any love of the work itself, but rather with the object of obtaining some reputation for the authors, as well as the desired pecuniary remuneration. In neither of these two latter respects have the results been of much account.

—Among Mr. SUMNER's valued books is the Bible used by BUNYAN when he wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*, in which is the autograph of BUNYAN, while the margin is full of notes also in his handwriting. There is also the manuscript of BURNS's "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," given to Mr. SUMNER by an eminent Englishman, to whom it was given by BURNS. The manuscript is remarkably neat and plain, and is carefully preserved between stiff covers neatly bound.

—In reference to the next United States Senatorship from Pennsylvania, it is said that General CAMERON's great and long-cherished ambition is to secure the election of his eldest son, J. D. CAMERON. "There is," to use the words of another, "a bond of trust and a force of feeling between this father and son never before exceeded by like ties of consanguinity in this country. There has been no public man in the United States since the breaking up of the old Federal party who had a like support and zealous fidelity from a son such as SIMON CAMERON has received from his son 'DON,' as he is tersely called by his associates. Father and son in the famous ADAMS family were closely allied; MARTIN VAN BUREN had a faithful son in JOHN; JOHN TYLER's sons endeavored to serve him, but did not have the power; HENRY CLAY's sons were no help politically to him; General CASS had no son that added to his political prestige; and thus I might run over the list of the dead for examples which no living public man of to-day affords so clearly in this particular as SIMON CAMERON presents in a son who is as much absorbed in his father as Parthenia was in the barbarian Ingomar—two beings with but a single soul." It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the father should long to see such a son in the highest legislative body in the nation. Fathers and sons in the BAYARD family and the DODGE have simultaneously held seats in the Senate. Why not the CAMERONS?

—Apropos of the "light fantastic," the Rev. H. W. BEECHER makes this reply to a query as to whether it is wicked to dance: "It is wicked when it is wicked, and not wicked when it is not wicked. In itself it has no more moral character than walking, wrestling, or rowing. Bad company, untimely hours, evil dances, may make the exercise evil; good company, wholesome hours, and home influences may make it a very great benefit."

—Hon. GEORGE BROWN, formerly a prominent member and minister of the Canadian government, and editor of the leading daily paper of Toronto, has been appointed by the Dominion government commissioner to aid in negotiating a reciprocity treaty with the government of the United States. Mr. GEORGE BROWN is a man of decided character and abilities, a terse and vigorous writer, thoroughly posted about every body and every thing in Canada, and, when opposed, a very "ugly customer." He has had something to do with nearly every provincial fight that has taken place during the last five-and-twenty years, and seems now to be entering upon a fresh era of popularity and usefulness.

—Ex-Governor MORGAN, of this State, who was a member of Congress at the time Senator SUMNER was assaulted by BROOKS, and who was one of those who went to the Senator's rescue, wrote as follows recently to a friend in Boston: "The cause of Senator SUMNER's long illness he has on several occasions attributed to the act of BROOKS, in conversations with me. I entertain no doubt that BROOKS would have taken his life but for the fortunate presence of the Hon. A. R. MURRAY and myself. When we rescued him from the hands of BROOKS, Mr. SUMNER was bleeding and unconscious. A package of papers then in my hands I have in my possession. They are stained with his blood, and my garments were saturated with the same."

—The reason why the biographies of President BUCHANAN and Chief Justice CHASE are not yet in course of preparation is that differences of opinion have arisen between the persons employed to write them and the executors of the respective estates. It may be mentioned, by-the-way, in reference to Chief Justice CHASE, that the Hon. WILLIAM M. EVARTS has accepted an invitation of the alumni of Dartmouth College to deliver a eulogy on the Chief Justice at the next Commencement.

—Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY says of the late Dr. STRAUSS: "He had a noble face and profile, large and soft black eyes and thick black hair, that up to his sixtieth year showed no tendency to grow gray. His voice was gentle and flexible, and his manner sympathetic and simple. He married, in early life, a beautiful actress, from whom he was subsequently separated. There remained with him two daughters of remarkable beauty and accomplishments, who made his home a happy one." He told Mr. CONWAY that his motives in publishing his *Life of Jesus* were chiefly political, he believing it necessary to destroy the popular notion of supernatural authority before the oppressive institutions of society can be overthrown.

—Of a curious character, indeed, are the notabilities of South Carolina. SAM LEE, Speaker of the Lower House of the Legislature, is a mulatto, and full of talent. But the smartest men are said to be the full-blooded negroes. Congressman ELLIOTT is a conspicuous example. Judge WRIGHT, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, is a full-blood, and an able judge. Congressman RANSIER is a mulatto. R. H. GLEAVES, President of the Senate, is a dark mulatto, of dignified deportment, and fills the position well—so say even the Democrats. He is well known as Grand Master of the colored Masons. There are other colored men in the Legislature who have decided natural abilities, but no education.

—JOSEPH H. SHORTSLEEVES, of Burlington, Vermont, was one hundred and seven years old on the 11th of February. He is hale and hearty, and walks to church without assistance. The old gent thinks of making a little trip to Montreal this spring all alone by himself.

—GOLDWIN SMITH proposes to sail for Canada in a few days, and be in Ithaca to deliver his regular course of lectures on English history before the university.

—Captain WILLIAM GAUNT, who drove the carriage in which rode LAFAYETTE in the ovation given to him in this city forty years ago, died a few days since in Natchez. During the late war he was sent to the Dry Tortugas by General BUTLER.

—An American in Rome recently attended a papal audience with his pretty, piquant wife, who attracted the Holy Father's attention. "Votre fiancée?" asked his Holiness of the husband, looking a little roguishly. "Oh no!" exclaimed the gentleman; "it is my wife!" "Oh!" replied the Holy Father; "we no speak English here."

—Freemasonry is in high vogue in England. At a recent quarterly meeting of the Grand Lodge in London the Grand Master, the Marquis of Ripon, presided, and among persons of high degree present and assisting were Lord BALFOUR, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord TENTERDEN, Sir J. WARREN HAYES, and some five hundred other noblemen and gentlemen. The very great and noble Grand Master said "it was indeed a proud thing to be called to stand at the head of a body of men who, while in the midst of such great prosperity, and with ever-increasing numbers, were able to boast that during the past twelve months not a single cloud had for one moment overshadowed the perfect brilliancy of Masonic harmony. That was a thing of which Freemasons might be justly proud, because it showed that they had been acting in the best spirit of the ancient craft. Let them remember that the strength of the order did not lie in the number of its lodges, nor in the increasing roll of its members, but in the spirit by which those members were animated, and which lived and breathed in those lodges."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DR. HAYDEN, the head of the Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, has commenced the publication of a bulletin to communicate such announcements of new facts made by any member of his party as it is desirable to bring promptly to the notice of the scientific community, in advance of their publication in his reports. The first number of this bulletin, bearing date January 21, is occupied by a list of the members and collaborators of the survey for 1873, and a list of the publications, from which we learn that six volumes of the reports have appeared from 1867 to 1873, and that seven volumes of miscellaneous publications will be published in octavo form, the most elaborate being the hand-book of the ornithology of the North-western Territories, by Dr. COUES. Several quarto volumes will also be sent out, of which there have been actually published one by Professor LEIDY, on the extinct vertebrata of the Western formations, and one on the Acrididæ of North America, by Professor CYRUS THOMAS. This quarto series, it is expected, will include ten volumes, among them memoirs on the vertebrata of the cretaceous and tertiary formations, by Professor COPE; one each, on the fossil plants, by Professor NEWBERRY and Professor LESQUEREUX; on the fossil invertebrates, by Professor MEEK; and the volume on general geology, by Professor HAYDEN.

Thirteen maps have been published for the survey, those of the Yellowstone region being especially valuable. The body of the bulletin is occupied by a report on the stratigraphy and pliocene vertebrate paleontology of Northern Colorado, by Professor COPE, in which he presents the parallelism of the formations recently investigated by him with those earlier known and in other parts of the West. He concludes that, although these formations have generally been considered as tertiary, the geological evidence shows them to be strictly mesozoic, as in the great lignite formations on the Missouri River.

During the past season twenty-one new species of vertebrates were obtained in the pliocene sandstone at the head of the water-shed between the South Platte River and the Lodge-pole Creek. The most important result was, first, the discovery that the camels of that period possessed a full series of upper incisor teeth; second, that the horses of the genus *Protohippus* are, like those of *Hippotherium*, three-toed; third, that a mastodon of the *M. ohioticus* type existed during the same period.

In view of the great economical value of the fur seals of Alaska, and of the importance of a thorough knowledge of their habits and movements, with reference to the command of the market of the world, it is proposed by the United States Treasury Department to send some one to the North Pacific Ocean for the purpose of obtaining materials for an exhaustive report on the subject. It will be remembered that these seals, almost to the number of millions, visit the St. George and St. Paul islands of the Pribylov group every summer season for the purpose of bringing forth their young, and that on this occasion a company chartered by the United States is allowed to capture 100,000 annually.

What becomes of these seals after they leave the islands is entirely unknown, although congregated there in such numbers for several months. A few are taken in the spring and fall as they pass along the coast of British Columbia and Washington Territory, but whether these are related to the Pribylov army or not is uncertain. The same species is found to a limited extent on the Asiatic side of the ocean, but no very extensive captures are made.

Should this commission be appointed, it is to be hoped that some of these problems may be solved, and that we may not remain longer in ignorance of the general natural history of so important an animal, which furnishes a revenue to the United States of about $300,000 a year, while a profit almost of millions is made by the company which has charge of the interest.

According to the Alaska *Herald* seven vessels were engaged throughout the summer of 1873 in the capture of cod-fish on the coast of Alaska, with a total yield of 583,000 fish, or an average of 83,285 per vessel.

We regret to learn that the salmon eggs which were shipped from London in January last to Australia, and which reached their destination in the course of five or six months, almost all perished before being planted in their new quarters, as out of 120,000 eggs only about 650 young fry were placed in the water.

With a view of properly exhibiting the geological and metallurgical resources of America at the forth-coming exposition at Philadelphia, an association has been organized, embracing such names as those of Professor LESLIE, Professor GENTH, Professor RAYMOND, Professor WYMAN, Professor T. STERRY HUNT, GEORGE H. COOK, and others, to whom is to be intrusted by the Board of Centennial Commissioners the duty of collecting whatever will best answer the purpose in question. They have established an office at No. 265 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, where they propose to bring together the collections, and to make a suitable selection for transfer to the Centennial establishment. Producers and consumers of iron ore and other minerals are invited to call and ascertain the plans and progress of the association.

In 1868 carp, tench, trout, and other fish were carried from England to the cinchona plantations of the Nilghiri Hills, in Southern India; and we learn from *Ocean Highways* that while the trout have not succeeded very well, the growth and increase of the tench have been marvelous. The first fish were introduced into a lake at Utakamund by Lady NAPIER in August, 1869, and at the present time they are caught and sold in large numbers by the natives. Many of these fish have been taken below the great Kalhutty water-fall, showing that they have survived, after being carried down the highest fall from the Nilghiris, in the descent of the Utakamund River to the plain.

The system of clocks controlled by electricity by the central clock of an astronomical observatory, which was first established in England by JONES some ten years ago, has already made decided progress in this country. Not only has the apparatus for this been ordered to be constructed for the city of Cincinnati in connection with the observatory at that place, but similar apparatus has been established in Pittsburg and Washington, and has been for some time in successful operation in those two cities. The clocks furnished these places are manufactured by HAMBLET, of Boston, and in the neighborhood of the latter city four such clocks are in operation; they also exist in Washington, at the Capitol, the Treasury and Navy Departments, and the Army Signal-office, while at Pittsburg a clock has been established to move the hands of seventy different clock dials scattered all over the city. By these arrangements every clock indicates exactly the same time as do the others in the circuit.

Astronomers will be interested to learn that among the numerous able men whom the President of the republic of Ecuador has gathered to its capital in order to develop the University of Quito there has appeared one, Father MENTEN, whose interest in astronomy has been such as promises to settle the long-mooted question as to an observatory in that city. MENTEN has now returned to Quito laden with a portion of the instrumental outfit that he was ordered to secure at Munich. Among the apparatus is a six-inch meridian circle. Father MENTEN was some time ago a pupil of the eminent ARGELANDER.

At the recent meeting at Vienna of the International Meteorological Congress there was present Mr. CAMPBELL, representing Mr. HART, General Inspector of Marine Revenue for China. Mr. HART presented documents showing that the Chinese government had determined to establish a system of meteorological stations, and to institute the telegraphic method of storm warnings, placing the whole in charge of Mr. CAMPBELL himself. Mr. CAMPBELL solicited the suggestions of the members present at the Congress as to the points to be kept in view in establishing the Chinese meteorological stations; and among these suggestions, besides urging the importance of uniformity in comparison with other national systems, the Congress expressed its opinion that the execution of all the duties resting upon such a system could only be secured by the employment of special officers as contrasted with the voluntary system in use in Europe. The Chinese meteorological system will be entirely separate from the Professorship of Astronomy at the College of Pekin. Four stations of the first order are suggested, namely, Shanghai, Pekin, Hang-chow, and Amoy.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE King of Persia once ordered his vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his Majesty's name at the head of them. The king asked him why, to which he immediately answered, "Because you intrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know to buy horses for you a thousand miles off, and who'll never come back." "Ay, but suppose they come back?" "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."

"Bob, how is your sweetheart getting along?" "Pretty well, I guess; she says I needn't call any more."

In fishing we have occasionally seen a big pike watching a bait, and evidently weighing the chances between getting a good dinner and *being* a good dinner. He should have been able to weigh very accurately—he had so many scales.

The way to make a fire real hot is to keep it thoroughly coaled.

"Do bats ever fly in the daytime?" asked a teacher of his class in natural history. "Yes, Sir," said the boys, confidently. "What kind of bats?" exclaimed the astonished teacher. "Brickbats!" yelled the triumphant boys.

A parson once prefaced his sermon with, "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the chap who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

What always grows bigger just as fast as you contract it?—Debt.

Louis XIII., coming from the council with Richelieu, whose opinions had just overruled those of the king, the cardinal stood aside to let the monarch pass. "Are you not the master here?" said the king, pushing him angrily: "go before me." "I can only do so," replied the adroit courtier, taking a torch from one of the pages, "by assuming the duties of the humblest of your servants."

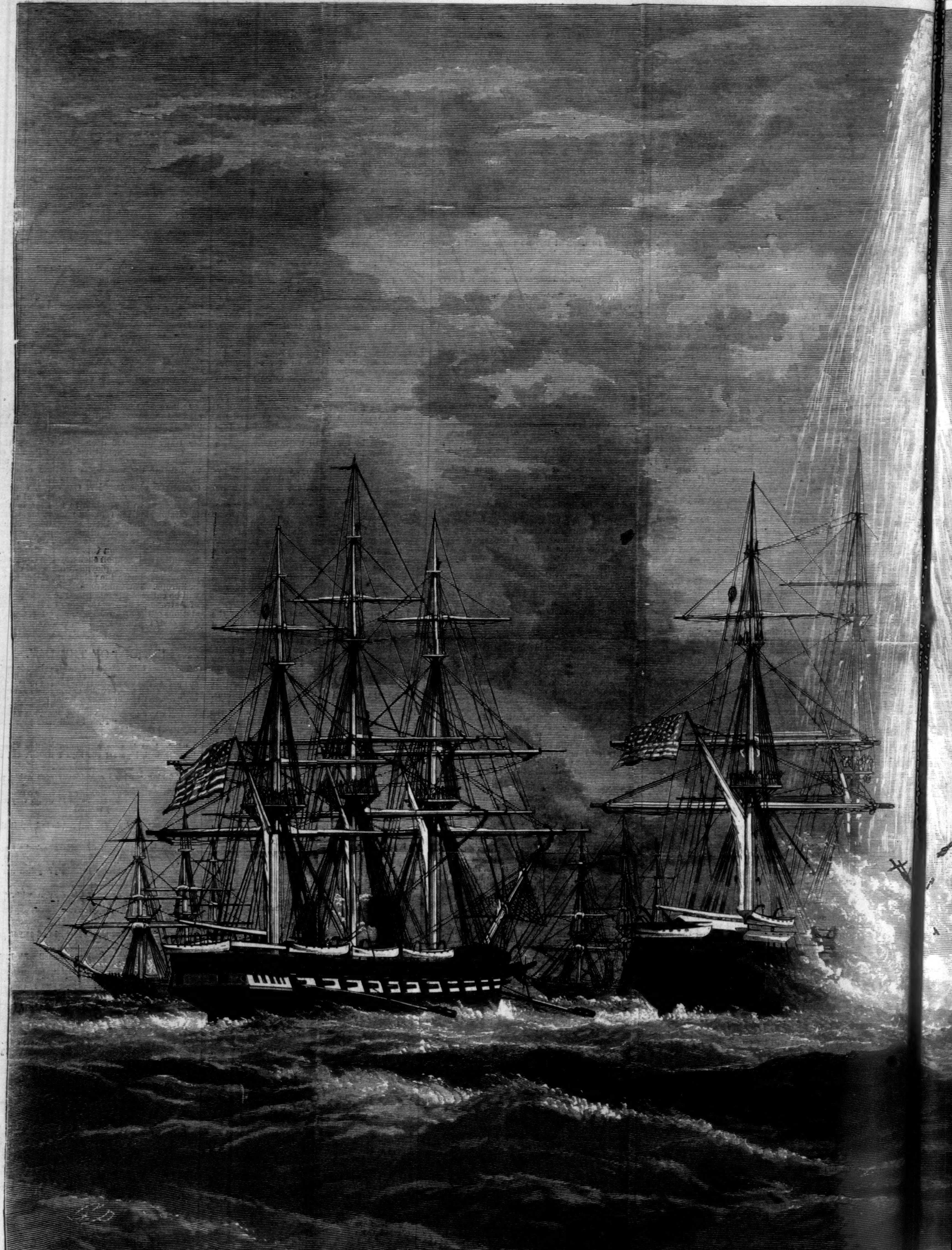
A blacksmith is always striking for wages.

A DECIDED LIBEL.—We have no desire to be acquainted with the man (beyond all doubt a bachelor) who perpetrated the following:

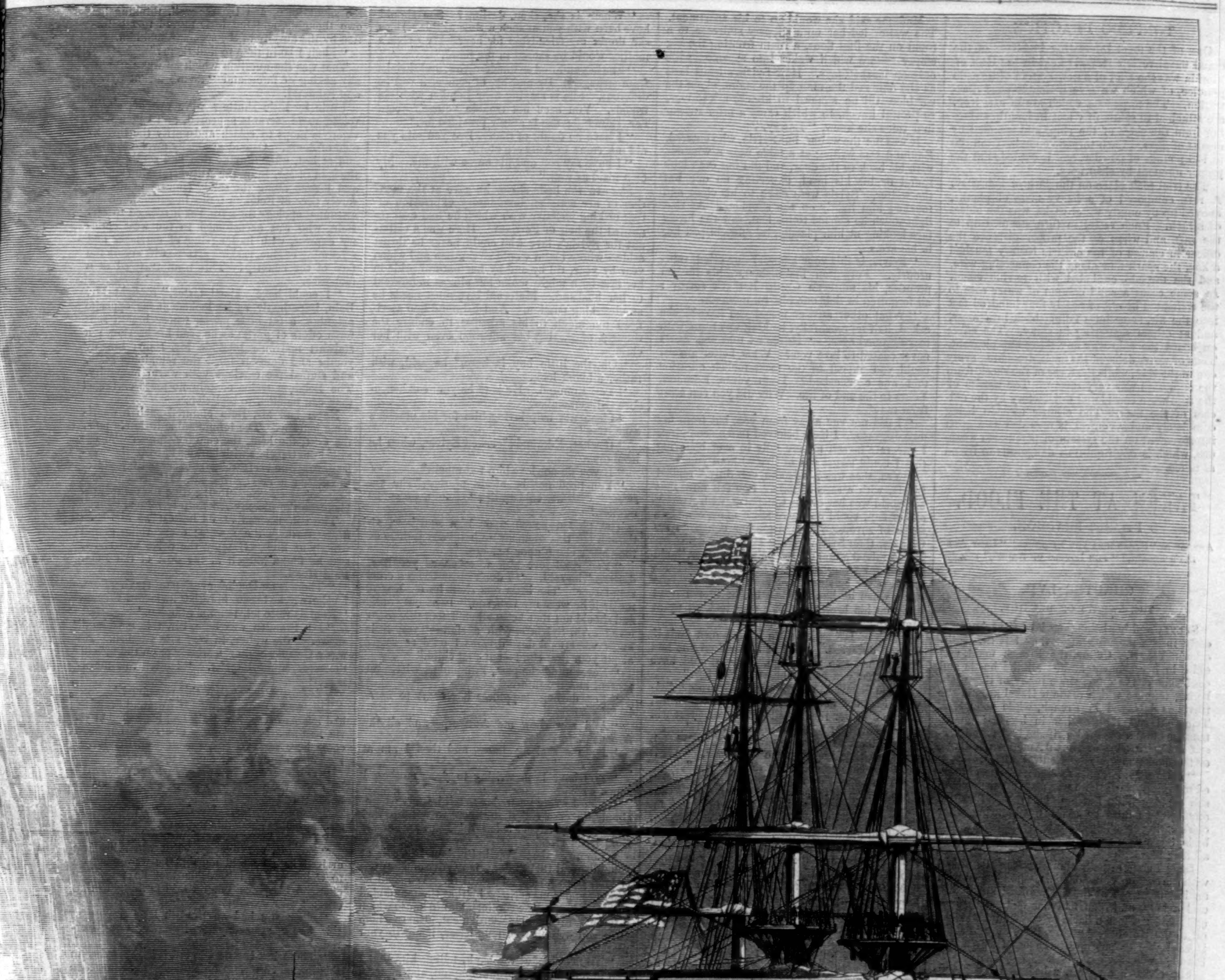
"Nature, impartial in her ends,
When she made man the strongest,
In justice then, to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest."

TRUE TO THE LAST.—The shoe-maker.

CATCHING THE BOAT.—He was an Irishman, and when first seen he was coming down Montague Street, Brooklyn, on his way to the Wall Street Ferry. Over his port shoulder hung a bag containing about a bushel of potatoes, and in his starboard hand he carried a stout stick. Being under full sail, the momentum acquired in coming down the steep grade carried him nearly through the gateway, when, seeing a boat about ten feet from the dock, he shook out another reef, made an astonishing burst of speed, and jumped. Just as he reached the deck the potato bag shifted heavily to port, and laid out a Broad Street clerk who was smoking a Henry Clay through a meerschaum holder, while the stick hit a rotund South Street merchant in the waistband, shutting him up like a jackknife, and Pat himself assumed an involuntary devotional attitude. He was the first to recover his perpendicularity, and as he replaced the bag in its normal position, he complacently remarked, "Be me sowl, but I got the boat anyhow!" "Got the boat!" screamed he of Broad Street, spitting the pieces of amber out of his mouth, "why, you confounded idiot, this boat is coming in!" And so she was.



THE NAVAL REVIEW AT KEY WEST—TORPEDO PRACTIC[E.—]BY GRA



[...] BY GRANVILLE PERKINS, ON BOARD THE "WABASH."—[SEE PAGE 318.]

TORPEDO PRACTICE.

One of the most interesting incidents of the grand naval review recently held in the Gulf of Florida was the trial of a new system of torpedo practice, of which we give a double-page illustration. The torpedoes, which are of cast iron, are attached to spars, fifty feet in length, swinging from the sides of the ship, and steadied by means of guys. Each torpedo contains from 100 to 125 pounds of powder, and is exploded at the proper moment by electricity.

The trial took place on the 25th of February. A raft, composed of a heavy mass of planks, buoyed up by empty water-casks, was the object of attack. Each vessel in turn steamed up to the raft, and when at the proper distance the officer in charge of the electric battery touched a key, the spark flew along the connecting wire, and the torpedo exploded with terrific effect. In some cases a solid column of water rose to the estimated height of nearly four hundred feet into the air, sometimes falling back in a mass, and at others scattering in spray. The effect on board the ship was any thing but pleasant. Tons of water deluged the deck, drenching every one to the skin, while the force of the shock from the explosion was very severe. The results of the trial were considered satisfactory by the officers of the fleet. The electric torpedo, being completely under control, is regarded as a great improvement on the system of percussion weapons, which is often quite as dangerous to friend as to foe.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE SWEETS OF REUNION.

Sylvia and her belongings landed at Antwerp early in the morning after they left St. Katherine's Wharf. Céline, the French maid, was quite in her element amidst all the bustle and confusion of the quay, since many of those jabbering tongues which made a Babel around the travelers jabbered in French, while poor Mrs. Tringfold gazed about her in helpless amazement, as much alarmed as if she had found herself amidst a tribe of North American Indians, or the dark aborigines of Central Africa.

"I never could abide foreigners," she muttered to herself, since there was none other to whom she could confide her emotions; "and to live among them must be awful, not knowing what one's eating or drinking, or if the natives mayn't be laying a plan to murder one. I'm sure they all look like it."

Lady Perriam made short work of the ordeal with the custom-house officials, who glanced with an indulgent eye at the portmanteaus of so liberal a lady, and then had her child and nurse and maid put into a hackney-coach and whisked off to the Hotel St. Antoine. She did not think it advisable to put up at the hotel where Mr. Standen was staying.

She chose her rooms, a bedroom for Tringfold and her child opening out of hers, a saloon with three windows, gorgeous with crimson velvet and looking-glass—altogether a princely suit of apartments. But this splendor evoked no admiration from Mrs. Tringfold. "The rooms are 'andsome enough," she said to Céline, who happily understood English, "but they're not 'omely. I feel a somethink wanting in them."

Breakfast was served for my lady in the solitary grandeur of the saloon, for Tringfold and Céline in a smaller apartment which did duty for the nursery. Tringfold brightened a little at sight of a beefsteak and fried potatoes, which she confessed was more unsophisticated than she could have expected from foreign food. "But I shouldn't wonder if it was horse-flesh for all that," she added, dubiously. Horse-flesh or ox-flesh, however, Tringfold ate, and with an appetite. She had been prostrated with seasickness during the passage, and her inside, as she informed Céline, was nothing but emptiness.

Lady Perriam's breakfast was a briefer business. She ate a little piece of roll, drank a cup of coffee, and then went to her bedroom to renovate her toilet before going to the Hotel Peter Paul in quest of Edmund Standen.

She was feverishly impatient for their meeting, fearing lest some evil hazard should prevent it. He might have left Antwerp without waiting for a reply to his letter. Swiftly as she had hastened to answer his question with her own lips, she might be too late. Fate had been against them heretofore.

"How haggard I look!" she thought as she arranged her bonnet before the strange looking-glass.

Strange mirrors are no flatterers. They are apt to give a green and sickly hue to the human countenance, like that despondent view of life which obtains in some minds. Lady Perriam's deep mourning intensified the pallor of her tired face. The large hazel eyes had a heavy look. It was still perfect beauty, but not the fresh young loveliness that had smiled upon Edmund Standen in the half-light under the chestnut-tree.

"Love will make me beautiful again when I am with him," she said to herself.

She ordered a fly, and drove off to the Hotel Peter Paul, a large and somewhat gloomy-looking hostelry, not far from the famous Rubens house, which travelers go to see. Here she asked for Mr. Standen.

Yes, there was an English monsieur of that name in the hotel. He was at that moment writing his letters in a private room. Would madame desire that he should be summoned, or would she go to his apartment?

Madame said she would go to his apartment. The waiter led her up a slippery staircase to a room on the first floor, a room fronting the big empty square which wakes into spasmodic life only on market-days. How Sylvia's heart beat as she followed the man up the stairs, along the corridor, till he stopped to knock, a cautious, respectful knock, to which came a brief answer in a voice she knew, "Entrez."

It was not the waiter, but Sylvia, who entered. Edmund was writing at a table near a window, with his back to the door, and did not even look round or lift his head, expecting no one but the waiter. Sylvia went close to his chair and touched him lightly on the shoulder. At that light touch he started to his feet, saw the lovely face looking at him pleadingly, and clasped her in his arms.

"Sylvia, is this your answer?" he cried, rapturously. Forgotten his dishonor, his broken promise, his mother's wrath, Esther's sorrow: all forgotten in that one blissful moment.

"What other answer would you have?" she asked, half reproachfully, looking up at him with tear-dimmed eyes. "Haven't I told you that I never ceased to love you? What better answer could you expect to the most foolish question that was ever asked? I am yours, Edmund. Yours to the end of life. Why did you run away from me?"

"I did not run away from you, but from my own disgrace. I have behaved like a scoundrel. I execrate myself for my folly in ever believing that I could forget you or live without you."

"Yes, that was a mistake, certainly," replied Sylvia, with a serene smile. She felt now that the world was her own. Cleopatra, with Antony at her feet, could not have felt a more complete sense of sovereignty, or a greater contempt for Octavia, than Sylvia felt for Miss Rochdale.

"A mistake that caused pain to another," said Edmund, self-accusingly. For him, conscience would never be silent, not even at this supreme hour, when he had Sylvia's bright brown head lying on his breast, Sylvia's eyes looking up at him radiant with triumphant love.

"Bah! It was Miss Rochdale's own fault if she was deceived. She knew how fond you had been of me two years ago. She should have known that you had no heart to give her."

"She believed in my honesty of purpose, Sylvia. She did me the honor to trust my word, only to discover that I had lied to her. She will never know that I lied to myself as well."

"Go back to your Miss Rochdale," cried Sylvia, snatching herself from his arms. "It is clear you care more for her than for me."

"You know I do not, Sylvia. You know that I tried to care for her—tried to set her in your vacant place—to look forward hopefully to a future shared with her; but I could not. Your spell held me too strongly."

"Did it?" cried Sylvia. "I'm glad of that. Do you believe in the power of one mind over another? I do. Often and often, in those slow, wretched days at Perriam—after—after Sir Aubrey's death—when I hoped you would come to see me, and you did not come, I used to fold my arms upon my breast, and close my eyes, and try to send my will to rule yours: 'Edmund, come to me,' I used to say; 'Edmund, be true to me; Edmund, I love you, give me love for love.' Did the charm work?"

"It did," he answered, clasping her to his heart again. They were lovers once more—betrothed—all in all to each other—standing alone in their own narrow world, as in the old days under the chestnut-tree. "The charm did work, Sylvia, but it was the old charm—the same spell which bound me that spring day when I saw you first in Hedingham Church. I was never released from that sweet thralldom; I only fancied myself free."

"You are my prisoner for evermore," said Sylvia, clasping her arms lightly round her lover's neck, as he bent his head toward hers. "And now, Edmund, let us talk of the future," she went on, releasing him from that gentle bondage, and seating herself in the chair by the open window, below which lay the sleepy old square, white in the noontide sun. "There is no fear of poverty now—no terror of a stern parent disinheriting us."

"No," said Edmund, rather moodily; "*you* are rich enough."

"And you are poor—poor for my sake—and you scorn to owe wealth to me? Is that it, Edmund? *I* made myself disagreeable once because there seemed a chance of your being poor, and now you are going to make yourself disagreeable because I am rich."

"No, Sylvia, I am too happy to be disagreeable. What welcome can I give you glad enough, my brave girl, for having come to your lover? We will care nothing for any world but our own world; and if other people despise your husband, you will never scorn him, will you, Sylvia?"

"Scorn you!" she echoed. "You know I have always considered you the best and noblest of men. Yes, even when I treated you so hardly."

"We will forget all past sorrows, Sylvia. And now tell me how you came here. I have been too surprised and too happy to ask the question any sooner. How did you come to Antwerp? Not alone?"

"No, not alone."

"Your mother, perhaps, came with you—the mother for whom you sacrificed yourself. She has need to be fond of you, and to cling to you."

Sylvia looked embarrassed.

"No," she said; "my mother is not with me."

Was he going to use his right as her betrothed lover, and ask all manner of awkward questions? She looked away from him uneasily; looked down at the broad sun-lit place with eyes that hardly saw the tall white houses, with their quaint gables and shining windows, and little mirrors stuck out to catch the rare reflection of vehicle or pedestrian.

"Where is she, then, darling? She should have been with you at such a time as this. Does she doubt my friendship for her? My Sylvia's mother would be sacred in my mind."

"She has endured so much sorrow, and shrinks from strangers. By-and-by, of course, it will be different. She is staying near London with old friends. You need not trouble yourself about her, Edmund; she is amply provided for."

"I have no doubt of that. But you said you did not come to Antwerp alone."

"I have my son and his nurse with me. My own maid as well."

She saw the little shiver he gave at the mention of her son—an involuntary expression of that lurking jealousy with which he had ever regarded the heir of Perriam. Here was a claimant for Sylvia's love who could never be thrust aside—whose claim would strengthen and widen year by year, till by-and-by her natural pride in her first-born might make her almost indifferent to her husband. Maternal love must needs be an absorbing passion. And Edmund had sacrificed too much to his mistress to endure the thought of sharing her affection even with her child.

"Oh, the little boy is here," he said, with rather a blank look.

"Yes, Edmund. He is to be your son henceforward, remember."

"I can not help loving him for his mother's sake, if—"

"If what, Edmund?" asked Sylvia, when he hesitated.

"If you do not love him too much."

"You need not be afraid of that," she answered, with her cold smile; "I am not a model mother."

The phrase jarred upon him somehow, although but this moment he had been jealous of the child's claim upon her love.

"You shall love him as much as you like, darling," he said. "I don't mean to be a cruel step-father. The little one shall be as dear to me as if he were my very son. Is he not yours, and should not that be an all-sufficient title to my love? Ah, Sylvia"—with a sigh—"you little know what fond day-dreams I used to weave about your first child—our first child."

"Never mind the past, Edmund; we have the present and the future."

"Yes, darling, happiness has come to us at last."

"And now show me Antwerp—and all the famous pictures."

"Let me seal my letter, and then I am at your service."

"You have been writing to your mother, I suppose?"

"No; I wrote yesterday to tell her my whereabouts, in case she should care to write to me. But I hardly expect a letter. I am an outcast from Dean House."

"For my sake! Well, Perriam Place is at your disposal till St. John is twenty-one—twenty long years to look forward to. We shall be tired of mansions perhaps by that time, and glad to fall back upon the comfortable old house which is mine by my marriage-settlement. But to whom have you written that long letter, if not to your mother?"

"To my chief at the bank, telling him that I can never return to Monkhampton, and he must get me a post elsewhere."

"Tear up your letter, then—or add a postscript to say that you have done with banking altogether."

"No, Sylvia. If we are to live at Perriam Place, I shall simply cancel this letter, and write to tell the directors that, with their permission, I shall resume my duties a month hence."

"What! you mean to stick in an office—to earn some paltry pittance of a few hundreds a year—when I have an ample income for both of us?" said Sylvia, indignantly.

"I mean to be—so far as possible—just the man I was when I first loved you, Sylvia, and not less independent. Do you think I could know an hour's happiness if I felt myself a pensioner upon the wealth your first husband left you? No, dearest, let me but earn my living—my habits are simple, my wants few. Let me earn my five hundred a year, which will more than suffice for my own maintenance, and though I may live among splendors that are not my own, I shall feel myself not the less an honest working-man—not unworthy of your love."

"Do as you please," said Sylvia, offended, but stifling her anger; "I see you intend to be my master."

"No, dearest, only the master of my own independence. In all reasonable things I will be your slave."

CHAPTER LVIII.

SHADRACH BAIN AT FAULT.

Mr. Bain arrived at Antwerp the day after that meeting between Lady Perriam and her lover. He had been detained at Ostend for some hours—arriving in the early summer dawn, when only a melancholy waiter with half-shut eyes was to be found astir at the hotel where Mr. Bain sought shelter and refreshment. There would be no train to carry him on to Antwerp till eight o'clock. The slumberous waiter took Mr. Bain into a *salle à manger*, looking into a dismal court-yard, with three long windows, curtained with white muslin. Here, on a narrow table, appeared those pasteboard piles of fruit and those bouquets of painted paper flowers which beautified the daily meal for the patrons of the hotels. These decorations seem never to be removed by night or day, since there they were at five o'clock in the morning.

The traveler seated himself at one end of the table, and after waiting about an hour was rewarded with a breakfast of coffee and rolls and a cold fowl. This dispatched, he perambulated the silent town, and the sea-wall, thinking his own thoughts, and but little moved to admiration by the novelty of the scene around him.

"Shall I be in time to find them?"

That was the question which he was perpetually asking of fate—and "them" meant Sylvia and Edmund.

Little by little shutters were opened, shrill-voiced maid-servants appeared, and began with vigorous mops to splash and purify the thresholds of doors. Ostend gradually awoke to life; and at last, after a delay that had sorely vexed the soul of Mr. Bain, the Antwerp train started, and jogged along the sandy country at the leisurely pace of Belgium trains in general. Such a stunted apology for a train as it seemed to Mr. Bain, who was accustomed to the west country express, with its long line of carriages and screaming engine, rushing arrow-swift across the face of the country! This train traveled at a foot-pace.

"I could have walked faster," thought Mr. Bain, impatiently, as he looked at his opposite neighbor, a fat little priest, whose breath sent forth odors of garlic as he read his breviary; a stalwart matron sat beside Mr. Bain; brawny youths and damsels filled the remaining seats, and stuffed the carriage with warm humanity. The Belgium trains contain no more carriages than can be filled to repletion.

Never had Mr. Bain endured such a wearisome journey. The innumerable little stations, the dust, the heat, the country-women who assailed the travelers with baskets of fruit, the everlasting talk and screaming at every halting-place, the getting in and getting out. His patience had been sorely exercised by the time the train rumbled into the gloomy Antwerp terminus.

The sun seemed at its hottest as Mr. Bain drove through the streets; every thing glared whitely at him. Happily the drive was short, and he found himself at the door of the Peter Paul Hotel.

"There is an English gentleman staying here, I believe?" he began, in rather awkward French, "Anglais reste ici, nommé Standen."

"Mr. Standen was here, Sir, this morning," answered the waiter, in very fair English. He was a German waiter, a wanderer on the face of the earth, and a linguist. "He left this morning."

"Left! At what time this morning?"

This was a death-blow. If Edmund Standen had left Antwerp, Mr. Bain had little doubt Sylvia had also left the city. She could but have come here for one purpose—to join her lover. He gone, she must have gone too.

"You are sure Mr. Standen left Antwerp?" he asked the waiter—"sure that he did not go to another hotel?"

"Quite sure, Sir. He drove to the railway station before eight this morning."

"Do you know where he was going?"

"No, Sir, not exactly. But when he first arrived here he told me that he was going on to Cologne. It is possible that he may have changed his plans, but he said nothing to that effect."

"Have you had an English lady staying at this house, yesterday for instance, Lady Perriam?"

"There has been no English lady staying in this house, Sir. But an English lady came here yesterday about noon to see Mr. Standen, and they went out together. Mr. Standen was absent all day."

"Was the lady young and in deep mourning?"

"Precisely, Sir. Young, in mourning, and extremely pretty."

"That will do. Have you any idea where the lady was staying?"

"It was most likely at the Hotel St. Antoine, since Mr. Standen said he had dined at that hotel when he came in last night."

Mr. Bain rewarded the waiter and drove off to the St. Antoine, there to discover that Lady Perriam had been there, had taken the principal suit of apartments, with the intention of occupying them some time, as the manager supposed, and had departed with bag and baggage, *femme de chambre*, child and nurse, that morning at eight o'clock, for Cologne, the manager believed.

Mr. Bain started for Cologne by the first train that would convey him. He snatched a hasty savorless meal at the buffet of the railway station, and departed without rest or respite, sorely tormented in mind. They had the start of him, and there was no knowing how long they might keep that advantage. There was only one thought from which he could derive comfort. Certain preliminaries must be gone through before Mr. Standen could marry Sylvia—certain papers procured, certain notices given, before the knot could be tied. These preliminaries would require time for their fulfillment. And before the time could elapse, Mr. Bain would have overtaken the lovers.

It was night when he arrived at Cologne, too late for inquiries that must needs occupy considerable time, as he had no clew to help him in his search. He did what he could. He questioned the custom-house officers as to any English travelers who might have arrived at Cologne that night. But the custom-house people told him that swarms of English travelers arrived at Cologne by every train, that almost all travelers were English, or American, which came to the same thing. They had no power to distinguish one particular group among the herd of autumnal tourists.

Mr. Bain began his quest at eight o'clock next morning, and pursued it till noon. He had made his inquiries at every decent hotel in Cologne, and even at boarding-houses, but had learned nothing definite. No one could tell him of any party answering his description, and as to name, travelers were for the most part nameless. They came and went, and the hotel-keepers knew no more of them than of the swallows that flew over

the house-tops. Mr. Bain ceased from his endeavors thoroughly disheartened, knowing not which way to go.

From Cologne they might have taken one of many routes. He took the most frequented, and went up the Rhine in a steamer—stopping at every landing-place—every where pursuing his search, and always vainly.

Then he turned back, branched off, and explored the line in another direction. He spent more than a fortnight in this manner—roaming through Germany like a modern embodiment of the Wandering Jew—writing to his son every night; and appointing the post-office to which his letters were to be sent, and thus continuing to keep himself tolerably well acquainted with the progress of his business, and able to give detailed instructions upon all work he had in hand, so that although Mr. Bain was in Germany, it was not the less Shadrach Bain's intellect which ruled in the Monkhampton office. His clients could hardly feel impatient when his chief clerk read the clear and sharp sentences in which Mr. Bain gave his instructions for the conduct of their affairs.

"Upon my word, he's a wonderful man," they said; "he never forgets any thing. Such a clear head!"

He had entered upon the third week of this fruitless search—had driven and walked to and fro in the scorching August heat, amidst the blinding glare of the white dusty streets—passing, a stranger, through curious old towns, and taking no more interest in the various pictures that passed before his weary eyes than if he had been amidst Sahara's arid waste. He was sick at heart, and he felt as if he had been wandering up and down this foreign land, by road and rail, for months instead of weeks. The strange diet disagreed with him, the unknown tongues—tongues that sounded thick, fierce, and guttural in his ear—worried him. The sense of failure was the sharpest torture of all. Never till now had Shadrach Bain been beaten.

"I hold the secret which will make her my slave, if I can find her before she is Edmund Standen's wife," he told himself; "but if I am too late—if she is married before I can overtake them—what then? Why, then," mused Shadrach Bain, after an interval of deepest thought, "let me remember how she has cheated me. Revenge is sweet. Sir Aubrey was a good friend to me. It would be hard that I should let his death go unavenged."

Mr. Bain had even consulted the police—had taken the professional opinion as to his chances of success. But the chief of police to whom he applied shrugged his shoulders, and gave the applicant no encouragement.

"In the first place," he said, with official dignity, "this is a matter in which we could not possibly concern ourselves. But as a mere word of friendly advice, I may as well tell you that, were I in a position to help you, such a search would be utterly hopeless. When you left Antwerp you had already lost the trail; you had no certain knowledge that the people you want had come on to Cologne. When you left Cologne you were completely at sea. The time you have spent since is time lost. Your friends may be in France, in Switzerland, in Italy, or they may have even gone back to England."

"Gone back to England!" That sentence struck upon Mr. Bain's ear like the vaguely worded counsel of a Greek oracle. "They may have gone back to England."

A sudden idea struck him. He was a fool in these wretched German towns, voiceless, almost mindless. Better to fight with weapons he was used to handle. This dogged stage-by-stage pursuit had come to nothing. He had spent money, wearied himself, to no end. He thanked the German police officer, and started that night on his return to England.

But not to Monkhampton. Beaten and baffled as he had been so far, he had no idea of abandoning his search. He meant to find Lady Perriam.

There was, of course, little doubt that she would eventually return to The Place. She had too much at stake to turn wanderer over the face of the earth. She would go back to Perriam by-and-by; but Shadrach Bain firmly believed that when she did return there it would be as Mr. Standen's wife. This was the contingency which he had to prevent.

Three days' journey by land and sea took him to London, where he put up at a private hotel in one of the streets out of the Strand—a comfortable, homely place enough, which he had been in the habit of using for the last twenty years whenever he had occasion to stay in London. He was known here and respected, and not overcharged. He had the entire use of a small private sitting-room—the landlady's own particular parlor, which she was too busy to occupy herself—without paying for that accommodation. The house was quiet and orderly, and remote from observation. Here Mr. Bain felt like the spider in his web. He could spin his airy threads securely. His first act was to send the following advertisement for insertion in the *Times* newspaper:

"Mary Tringfold, widow, now or lately of Hilldrop Farm, near Monkhampton, may hear of something to her advantage by applying to Y., at the Post-office, Norfolk Street, Strand."

"If Lady Perriam is in England, Mrs. Tringfold is in England also," Mr. Bain reflected; "and it will be strange if she doesn't fall into the trap I've set for her, and answer that letter. If she does answer it, the rest is easy enough."

Mr. Bain managed his little plan with the utmost nicety and discretion. Of course it would not do for him to show in the business. If Mary Tringfold answered that advertisement, and asked for an interview with the advertiser, a stranger must appear—a strange lawyer, who would tell her that a small legacy had been left her by a former mistress. She had been in service before she married, and Shadrach Bain had her history at his fingers' ends. It would be worth Mr. Bain's while to give a ten-pound note for the information he wanted, and a ten-pound legacy would satisfy Mrs. Tringfold that she had not been duped by the advertiser.

Before handing her this money it would be easy enough for a sharp-witted young man to draw from her all the information she had to give about her mistress and Mr. Standen—where they had been, where they were, their actions in the past, and their plans for the future.

He had a handy tool for this business in the person of his landlady's son, a clerk in a lawyer's office, the modern type of fast youth, who, in his own more expressive than elegant phraseology, was ready for any thing, "from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

PUBLIC attention has been concentrated upon the Congregational Council assembled in Brooklyn to consider the questions submitted to it by Drs. STORRS and BUDINGTON. The Council opened on Tuesday evening, March 24, in the Clinton Avenue Church. Dr. LEONARD BACON, of New Haven, and the Hon. C. L. WALKER, of Detroit, were chosen Moderators. The evening was spent in discussing a motion to invite Plymouth Church to the Council, so as to make it "mutual." The motion was adopted, and a committee of invitation appointed. On Wednesday morning the discussion of the character of the Council, which had been begun the preceding evening, was continued, but in the course of the morning was laid aside for the purpose of receiving the answer of Plymouth Church. The answer was handed in by Dr. EDWARD BEECHER, and was a refusal to participate. In the afternoon an elaborate and very eloquent address was delivered by Dr. STORRS on behalf of the committees of his own and Dr. BUDINGTON's church. He was followed in the evening by Dr. BUDINGTON.

On Wednesday morning, March 25, a full meeting of the members of Plymouth Church was held to consider the invitation to attend the Council. About five hundred members were reported to be present. The reply adopted was a protest against "any action whatever by the Council upon any issue relating to Plymouth Church." It was adopted amidst much applause.

At the session on Thursday morning a resolution was presented by the Rev. W. A. BROWN, that inasmuch as the Council was *ex parte*, it was not competent for it to give any action that "could be construed as adverse to Plymouth Church." This was ruled out of order, and at the afternoon session was laid on the table. The morning was spent in answering questions which were intended to elicit the circumstances preceding the call of the Council. The afternoon and evening sessions of Thursday were secret. It is known, however, that a committee, consisting of the Rev. President CHAPIN of Beloit College, the Rev. Dr. J. M. MANNING of Boston, the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM H. LORD of Montpelier, the Hon. A. C. BARSTOW of Providence, and the Hon. C. G. HAMMOND of Chicago, was appointed to gather the sense of the Council.

On Thursday and Friday informal votes were taken on three of the questions submitted to the Council. These votes decided that a member can not separate himself from a church by mere absence; that the consent of the church is necessary to the termination of his membership; that charges against such members must be first inquired into; and that the action of Plymouth Church on October 31 was not in accordance with Congregational usage.

One of the questions much discussed in the Methodist Episcopal Church is, "What becomes of the probationers?" It is the practice of this body to take candidates for membership on trial for six months. In a recent publication it is stated that the number of probationers received during the fourteen years prior to 1872 was 2,072,686, and that of these 509,316, or only twenty-two per cent. of the whole, became members. This would leave 1,563,370 probationers not accounted for. Whether in these statistics the necessary deductions have been made for the losses by death does not appear; but making allowance for these, the number of probationers not accounted for is still very great.

Clergymen in Massachusetts are rated by the State as being of the "laboring classes," which is certainly a recognition of the fact that they are not idlers. The "Bureau of Labor and Statistics" has sent a circular of inquiry to the Massachusetts ministers, and has received answers from 500. They tell facts worth knowing. Among them are these:

"Average age, forty-five years; from twenty to forty years of age, 207; from forty to sixty years, 233; from sixty to eighty years, 95; above eighty years, 5; average term of service, 17 years 10 months; longest, 64 years; shortest, 1 year; average annual remuneration during such service, $1066 65; number receiving an annual average of less than $1500, 428; number receiving an annual average of more than $1500, 102. During the past year the highest salary received was $8000; lowest salary, $162. Of 491, the number that expended less than their professional income was 252; number who expended entire income, 76; number who expended more than their entire professional income, 163. Average cost of living the past year of 512, $1594 53. Average amount paid for house rent the past year by 468, $323 23; highest rent paid, $2300; lowest rent paid, $25; number having rent free, 20; number owning houses, 44. Average number in families of 536, 4¼; largest in any one family, 15; daily average of working hours of 440, 9 hours 27 minutes; longest hours, 17; shortest, 2. Of the whole number making returns but 20 were unmarried."

A party (the *Catholic Review* says a "batch") of pilgrims to Rome will leave New York on May 16. It will number from thirty to fifty persons; other parties will follow at a later date.

In his essay on the conflict now going on between the German Empire and the papacy, M. RENAN defines very sharply the irreconcilable disagreements of the two parties. He is especially clear in showing that the battle is between the theocratic idea of the state held by Rome, and the conception of a free state which is the product of Protestantism. One passage of the essay sums up this contrariety admirably:

"Prussia, the nucleus of the new empire, is the direct offspring of Protestantism. Protestantism has made her out of nothing—has been her *raison d'être*. The Prussian conception of the church subordinate to the state, for the greater good of the country, is diametrically opposed to the Catholic conception, where the sole function of the state is its subserviency to the church, and its instrumentality in carrying out its decrees. Prussia may be described as the embodiment of a *doctrinaire* administration, founded on a philosophy which may be sound or unsound, but the fundamental points of which are the negation of theocracy. It would seem as though the Syllabus had been drawn up especially for her.... The second element which has contributed to the formation of the German Empire, the patriotic party, is even more hostile to the Church of Rome.... Thus the new German Empire and Catholicism are born enemies—there is no room for compromise—victory must decide between the two. It is not a mere superficial antipathy, a personal caprice of M. DE BISMARCK's, which arms against each other those two great European forces. Such an idea could only have entered the heads of short-sighted politicians unable to conceive that there are men who look before them, who do not wait for social problems to overtake them, and do not think it prudent to rest on their laurels. The struggle is in the very nature of things—it is the 'struggle for life'—*vita Caroli, mors Conradini*. By a most striking historical coincidence the papacy and Germany have reached at the same moment the culminating point of their pride. A terrible shock was inevitable."

This view of the situation puts it out of the category of personal conflicts, and is the only one that will adequately represent the facts.

Another experiment of a religious daily newspaper is to be made in New York; this time in the German language. The *New Yorker Abend Zeitung* has been purchased by a company, and on Monday, March 23, appeared in its new character. Though not at all denominational, its supporters are principally adherents of the Lutheran confession.

The Mennonites of the United States and Canada have already raised $20,000 to aid their Russian brethren.

The success of Mr. MOODY's labors in Glasgow suffers no abatement. During the first week in March noonday and evening services were held in the churches and halls of the city. At one of the noonday meetings the Rev. Dr. MARSHALL LANG "reviewed the progress of the work" during the preceding four weeks. He stated that the attention of all classes of society had been arrested. A clergyman from Edinburgh announced that the movement in that city was going on, "deepening and widening rather than diminishing."

In ecclesiastical legislation Austria follows in the line which Prussia has taken. Under the provisions of the Concordat of 1855 the bishops wholly controlled education. The decrees of the Vatican Council have led to the abrogation of the Concordat, and the Reichsrath has decided that the theological college at Innspruck shall be broken up. The principal reason assigned for this act was that it was a nursery for Austrian, German, and Swiss Jesuitism. The Lower House of the Reichsrath has adopted the first of the new ecclesiastical bills by a vote of 224 against 71. In the course of the debate the Minister of Public Worship, STROMAYER, spoke very plainly of the attempted dominance of the Church. Among the rest, he said:

"The government can not permit the abuse of religion for the purpose of intrigues fraught with danger to the state, or allow the servants of God to become the missionaries of an organized opposition to the laws of the country. It is not intended to wage war against the Church, but to bring about order in her relations with the government, so that she may freely exercise her holy mission, and not encroach upon the inviolable rights of the state." (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago two slaves fled from bondage in Georgia and sought freedom in the North. They were husband and wife, and bore the names of William and Ellen Crafts. The wife being of fair complexion, disguised herself in men's clothing, and assumed the character of a young Georgia planter, while her husband personated the slave attendant, and thus they reached Boston. But even Boston could not protect them from the slave-hunters, and they fled to England for the liberty they held so dear. After living about six years in England, William was sent by a philanthropic association, with the sanction of the British government, to persuade the King of Dahomey to abandon the slave-trade and engage in legitimate commerce. He succeeded in establishing commercial relations between Waydah, in Dahomey, and Liverpool. He returned to this country in 1870, and attempted to open a school for colored pupils near Savannah. The building was burned, but Mr. Crafts was not disheartened. He and his wife are now engaged in establishing a school at Woodville, Georgia. Land has been purchased, and now a school-house is wanted, and agricultural implements for the use of pupils. Mr. Crafts recently came to this city for the purpose of obtaining funds. Georgia has no public-school system; and this enterprise is worthy of encouragement, and its originators are energetic enough to carry it on with success.

It will be a relief to a large portion of the community to learn that the bodies of the Siamese Twins are not to be exhibited publicly. The sons have claimed the remains, and deny that there has ever been any intention in the family to make a speculation by exhibiting them.

Trebizond, in Asia Minor, is a desirable location for those who desire long life. A gentleman resides there who has reached the respectable age of one hundred and thirty-eight, and seems likely to live there indefinitely, as he enjoys excellent health and spirits. A neighbor of his recently died at the comparatively youthful age of one hundred and twenty-five.

The oldest journal in the world is the Pekin *Gazette*. It is printed on yellow silk, and has undergone no change, except in its writers, for a thousand years.

Among the legal paraphernalia of the prosecution in the Tichborne case was a huge album containing life-like portraits of the Dormer, Arundell, Radcliffe, Lushington, Seymour, Tichborne, and Orton families, which are so arranged as to show at a glance contrasts in the status and physiognomy of the former ancient line and the Ortons, with their pedigrees. This album will now be deposited in the archives of the trial.

Henry Ward Beecher has finished his course of twelve lectures before the Divinity School at Yale. A correspondent of the *Evening Post* writes from New Haven that "he has given universal satisfaction, has demonstrated his 'orthodoxy,' and is to be invited to continue his discourses another year. The pretty little Marquand Chapel has been packed at every lecture by divinity students, collegians, citizens, and shoals of preachers, who flocked into the city on 'Beecher days' from all parts of the State."

A London medical journal is of opinion that more attention should be given to the food which is provided for school-boys, and more regard paid to the delicate pupils and their so-called fancies, which often arise from their natural instincts as to what they need. Many boys are ailing all through their school-days because they fail to obtain the nourishment they require.

The following conglomerate advertisement appears in a Vienna journal: "Anna Agrikoi, sick-nurse, watches dead bodies, repairs straw chairs, applies leeches, and makes pastry, desserts, and delicacies." A person of such varied attainments must be in immense demand.

The expense-book of a Kansas bachelor shows the order of things in the far West: "Washing, $0 07; tobacco, $8 20."

A red-shirted emigrant was recently passing through a certain town in Iowa, his family and household goods being in a covered wagon, behind which a cow was tied by her horns. The emigrant himself urged on the cow with voice and stick, for the poor beast rolled her eyes and her tongue, and shook her head indignantly. Suddenly she paused, with dogged resolution, when a man called out to Red Shirt that he didn't "understand cows worth a cent."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Red Shirt.

"Why, just take the rope off her horns and put it round her neck, and she'll lead as quiet as a lamb. If she don't, I'll follow her a mile myself."

The rope was changed to her neck, and the team started. The cow gave a look of surprise, and walked along.

"Well, that beats all!" said Red Shirt; and without a word of thanks he mounted his wagon. The procession moved slowly on, and the cow followed, with countenance as placid as if she were walking home at milking-time.

An eminent medical writer is of the opinion that paralysis, which caused the death of Dickens, was due almost exclusively to his public readings. He states that on leaving the platform after reading "Copperfield," so laborious, earnest, and pathetic were the exertions made by Dickens, his whole soul being thrown into the work, that the pulsations of his heart numbered 96, being 24 in excess of the ordinary pulse, 72; after "Marigold," 99; "Sikes and Nancy," 118; "Oliver Twist," 124.

In the cathedral of Antwerp there are two masterpieces of Rubens—"The Elevation of the Cross," and "The Descent from the Cross." At a recent sitting of the Belgian Chamber of Representatives the question incidentally arose whether these pictures belonged to the state or to the authorities of the cathedral. The whole discussion rested on the exact meaning of a Flemish word in a deed recording the restoration of these pictures to King William in 1815, they having been taken to Paris by Napoleon I. when he desolated Holland. No one, however, wishes to remove the paintings from their present position in the cathedral.

Ten curious cheiroptera, found in the Philippine Islands, have recently been added to the collection in the Paris Jardin des Plantes. These vampires are perfectly harmless, though ugly enough to frighten infantine spectators. The body is the size of a pigeon, but the wings have a span of three feet. They do not live on blood, but on fruit and grain.

The following story comes from the Gold Coast. When Sai Tooti, the founder of the Ashantee empire, fixed upon Coomassie as his capital, he rested under a certain tree while his temporary palace was building. The tree so honored became sacred in Ashantee eyes, and was regarded with superstitious veneration. Last January, having long been decayed, it fell, and the circumstance was considered ominous. No one dared to touch it, and when Coomassie was taken, it was still lying across the street.

From various American and English data concerning anæsthetics, it seems that ether is regarded as far safer than chloroform. It is stated, as the result of experiments and the comparison of facts, that chloroform is eight times as dangerous as ether.

From a long article in the *Homeward Mail*, an Indian journal, it appears that scarcely any country has suffered so much from the destruction of forests as India. The effects of the climate prevent the re-growth of trees to any extent in that country. Numerous efforts have been made to restore the forests in certain localities, but without success. Three centuries ago, when the Indian peninsula was covered with forests, lakes, marshes, and water-courses were numerous; to-day but few exist. The rain-fall has diminished, and general aridity of soil is slowly but surely following the disappearance of the forests.

The use of phosphorus in neuralgia has been recommended in English medical journals. Certain physicians have employed it with marked success.

An Enoch Arden case has occurred in France. A young man named Marmier, who had been married only a few months when the war broke out, joined the Mobiles of the Vosges, and was taken prisoner. On arriving in Prussia he was sentenced to several years' imprisonment for striking his guard. When he was taken prisoner he threw away his knapsack, which was picked up and worn by a comrade, who managed to escape, but who was subsequently killed in another engagement. This knapsack contained the papers of Marmier, which were forwarded to his wife as having been her husband's. The young widow, after a few months of grief, took a second husband. Since then Marmier, having obtained a pardon, returned to France, and on reaching his native cottage, found it occupied by another.

THE BOTTLE IMP.

DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES—FLYING FROM AN INDIAN RAID.

DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES.

The recent Indian raids along the line of the North Platte River and the Black Hills drove from their homes many of the hardy pioneers who had settled in that region. They sought refuge by hundreds under the walls of Forts Russell and Laramie. Our sketch represents an incident that took place during the march of a scouting column that left Fort Russell a few weeks since for Fort Laramie. On the march of ninety miles the brave boys in blue met many parties of refugees flying from the savage enemy. The cold was intense, forty degrees below zero, and the fugitives suffered the most cruel hardships. In our sketch the officer in command of the troops is gathering from a party of fugitives information concerning the whereabouts of the Indians.

HUMAN SACRIFICE.

Human sacrifice was instituted by the people of Mexico during the fourteenth century, and from being quite a rare rite, with the growth of their civilization increased until the activity reached to a fearful height. Their custom was to save some fine young man—generally an enemy taken in battle; and then, for the space of a whole year, he was treated with every respect and dignity; rich foods, flowers, and dress were lavished upon him; four beautiful maidens were selected to be the companions of his captivity; music, feasting, and visiting at the abodes of the principal Aztec nobles passed his time away. Attended by a courtly train upon passing through the streets, deferred to, and regaled with incense, he was treated almost with the worship that would have been accorded to one of their gods, whom for the time being he was supposed to personate.

But the year of pleasure soon drew to a close; and doubtless, not being ignorant of the fate in store for him, this knowledge must often have imbittered the gayest festivals, the richest banquets. Devoted to the sacrifice, there was no escape for the captive; and on the expiration of the time he was denuded of all his gay trappings, seized upon by the priests, and conveyed across the lake to an island, where, about a league from the city, rose towering up one of those huge pyramids standing to this day as monuments of the industry and civilization of these people. The ascent to the flat top of the pyramidal temple was by a slowly ascending flight of steps, contrived so that a procession during one of the great religious feasts might be seen from all parts of the city, winding up to where the high-priests were standing by the sacrificial altar—these fearful rites being all performed in the open air. The scene was made imposing, and always viewed by the assembled thousands of the populous city, who watched with breathless excitement and a feeling of savage awe the ascent of the victim to where he was received by six priests, weird and strange-looking, with their sable pictured robes, and long, flowing, matted, snaky hair. By them was the stone of sacrifice, a large block of jasper, slightly rounded at the top; and upon this, breast uppermost, the victim was stretched by five of the priests—one holding his head, the other four his limbs—while, armed with a knife of obsidian (a volcanic glass), the chief priest cut open the breast of the sacrifice, tore out his heart, held it up toward the sun, and then threw it at the feet of the idol to whom the temple was devoted.

The scene was awful and impressive, and was viewed in silence by the assembled multitude, ready to throw themselves down in adoration of their savage deity as this last act of horror was performed by the priest of the bloody rite. But not only were men offered up, for there were instances of the other sex being sometimes selected for the abominable offerings; and at times, when rain refused to visit the earth, the great god Tlaloc had to be appeased or supplicated by the offering up of beautiful infants, who were borne in festal robes in priestly processions, their pitiful wailings being drowned by the chants of those who formed the train. The sacrifices were at times appalling in their number at great feasts or dedications of temples. For such occasions the prisoners of their many petty wars would be reserved perhaps for years, and then brought from all parts to the capital, and led in long processions to the great temple.

At the dedication of the temple of one deity the ceremony lasted for days, and 70,000 victims are said to have perished, and this astonishing computation is attested by the most trustworthy writers. It seems almost impossible, but of the tremendous extent of human sacrifice there can be no doubt, since the skulls of the victims were invariably saved, and the followers of Cortez, the conqueror, give evidence of having in one religious building alone counted 136,000 of these grim

relics of mortality. The most moderate computations by authors place the yearly number of victims offered up in the country at 20,000, some placing the average at more than double. The conquerors might well be overcome with horror at the discoveries they daily made, and the atrocities of this nature which they witnessed, eagerly seizing opportunities for casting down the altars and overturning the images of the deities presiding over this sanguinary religion—one whose rites and ceremonies seemed endless, and were all celebrated with a wealth of pomp that was extreme.

Great as was the Aztec civilization, there seems mingled with it the very extreme of horror and barbarity; for, as if the fearful sacrifice was not sufficient, the day of offering was made one of banqueting—feasting of the most loathsome nature; for at the conclusion of the priest's office the captive's body was delivered to the warrior who had taken him in battle; then, handed over to his slaves, the body was dressed in epicurean fashion, and a banquet given by the warrior to his friends, who feasted upon the captive at a table spread with costly viands, fruits, and the richest of beverages. No savage repast this, but a grand banquet, attended by a people in other respects one of the most civilized in the world. The historian may well say, "Surely never were refinement and the extreme of barbarism brought so closely into contact with each other!"

IMPERIAL FATE.

The following statement, which particularizes the deaths of the forty-seven Roman emperors, from Julius Cæsar to Constantine the Great, shows that only thirteen of the number encountered "the last enemy" in the ordinary course of nature.

B.C.

44. Julius Cæsar was murdered by Brutus and others in the senate-house.

A.D.

14. Augustus Cæsar died a natural death.
37. Tiberius was smothered with pillows, at the instigation of Macro, the friend of Caligula.
41. Caligula was stabbed by Cherea and other conspirators when retiring from the celebration of the Palatine games.
54. Claudius was poisoned by the artifice of his wife, Agrippina.
68. Nero, in the midst of a general revolt, was condemned to death by the senate; upon hearing of which he killed himself with a dagger.
69. Servius Galba was conspired against by Otho, by whose partisans he was beheaded.
69. Vitellius was massacred by the populace, who threw his dead body into the Tiber.
79. Vespasian died a natural death.
81. Titus. It is suspected that his death was hastened by his brother Domitian.
96. Domitian was murdered by Stephanus and other conspirators.
98. Nerva died a natural death.
117. Trajan died a natural death.
138. Hadrian died a natural death.
161. Arrius Antoninus, called Antoninus Pius, died a natural death.
180. Marcus Aurelius, called Antoninus the Philosopher, died a natural death.
192. Commodus was strangled by Narcissus and other conspirators.
193. Pertinax was murdered by the soldiers.
193. Didius Julianus was beheaded by the soldiers.
211. Septimius Severus died a natural death.
217. Caracalla and Geta, joint emperors. Geta was killed by his brother Caracalla, who was afterward killed by Martial.
218. Opillius Macrinus was killed by the partisans of Heliogabalus.
222. Heliogabalus was murdered by the soldiers, who threw his dead body into the Tiber.
235. Alexander Severus was beheaded by the soldiers.
238. Maximin was murdered by his own guards.
238. Papianus and Balbinus, joint emperors, were both murdered by the Prætorian Guards.
244. Gordian was murdered by order of Philip, whom he had associated with him in the command of the empire.
249. Philip was murdered by the soldiers.
251. Decius destroyed himself after having been defeated by the Goths.
253. Gallus was slain in battle, with his competitor, Emilianus.
260. Valerian was taken prisoner by Sapor, King of Persia, who caused him to be cruelly murdered.
268. Gallienus was slain by his own soldiers.
270. Claudius died a natural death.
275. Aurelian was murdered by Menesthus and other conspirators.
276. Tacitus died a natural death.
282. Probus was murdered by his soldiers.
284. Carus and his sons, Carinus and Numerian, joint emperors. The father was struck dead by lightning, and both his sons were murdered.
305. Diocletian and Maximian, joint emperors. Diocletian resigned the empire, and died either by poison or madness. Maximian also resigned, but was afterward condemned to death by Constantine.
306. Constantius and Galerius, joint emperors. Both died a natural death.
337. Constantine the Great died a natural death.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow or yellow color of skin, or yellowish brown spots on face and other parts of body; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; dizziness, bitter or bad taste in mouth, dryness of throat and internal heat; palpitation; in many cases a dry, teasing cough, with sore throat; unsteady appetite, raising of food, choking sensation in throat; distress, heaviness, bloated or full feeling about stomach and sides, pain in sides, back, or breast, and about shoulders; colic, pain and soreness through bowels, with heat; constipation alternating with diarrhœa; piles, flatulence, nervousness, coldness of extremities; rush of blood to head, with symptoms of apoplexy, numbness of limbs, especially at night; cold chills alternating with hot flashes, kidney and urinary difficulties; dullness, low spirits, unsociability, and gloomy forebodings. Only a few of above symptoms likely to be present at one time. All who use Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext., or Golden Medical Discovery for Liver Complaint and its complications are loud in its praise.

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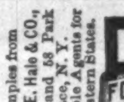

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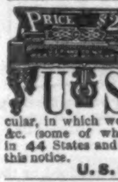

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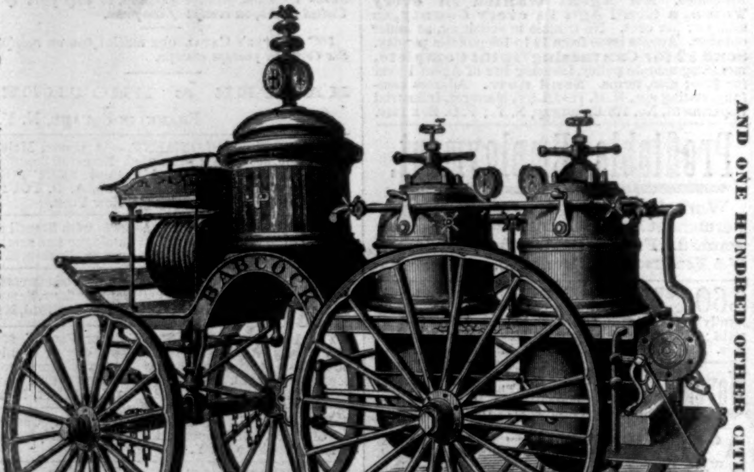

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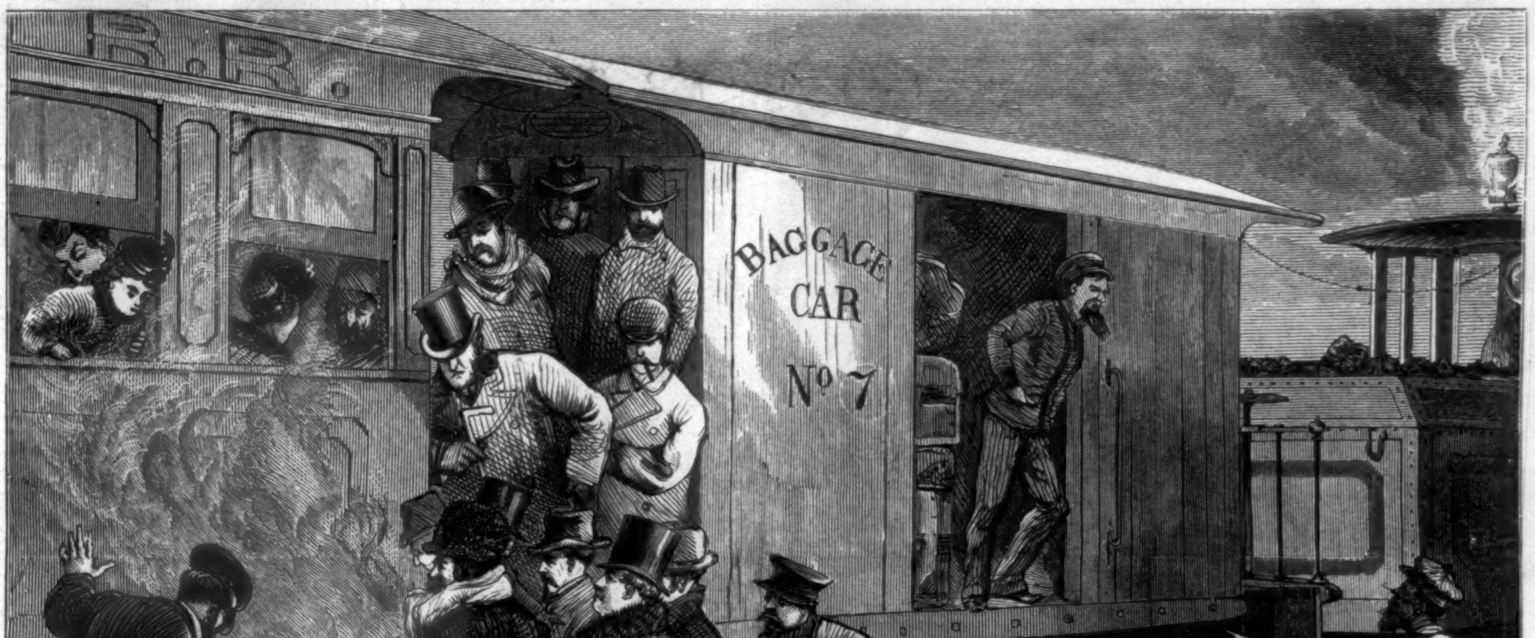

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